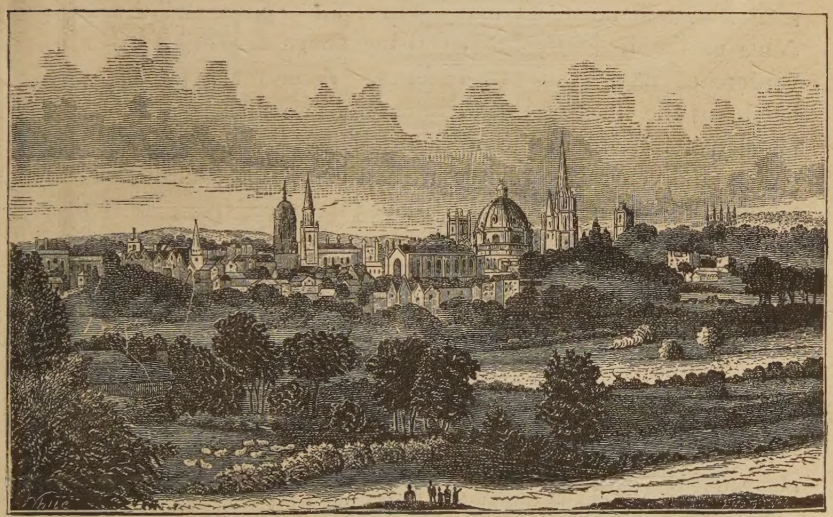
THE CANADIAN
METHODIST MAGAZINE.
JUNE, 1880.

FOOTPRINTS OF WESLEY—OXFORD MEMORIES.*

I.



View of Oxford.

It has passed into a truism, which is admitted by every student of modern history, that one of the most potent factors in the moral reformation of England in the 18th century was the life and labours of John and Charles Wesley. Every loyal Methodist, therefore, from whatever part of the world he comes, takes a special delight in tracing the footprints of the founder

* For the admirable cuts which illustrate this article, we are indebted to the courtesy of the publishers of Daniels' "Illustrated History of

of that religious system which has belted the world with its institutions, "and the sheen of whose spires, as the earth revolves on its axis, rejoices in the light of a ceaseless morning."* In this spirit, the day after my arrival in London in June last, I paid a reverent visit to old City Road Chapel, and stood in Wesley's pulpit and sat in Wesley's chair, and plucked a leaf of ivy from his grave. And influenced largely by the same feeling, in the following September I made a devout pilgrimage to the city of Oxford, the cradle of that wondrous child of Providence, the Methodist Church, much of whose after history has been strongly influenced by the scholastic surroundings of its early years.

This venerable seat of learning, dating from the time of Alfred, the ancient Oxenforde—its cognizance is still a shield with an ox crossing a stream—has a singularly attractive appearance as seen from a distance, its many towers and spires, and the huge dome of the Radcliffe Library rising above the billowy sea of verdure of its sylvan surroundings. A nearer approach only heightens the effect of this architectural magnificence. Probably no city of its size in the world presents so many examples of stately and venerable architecture as this city of colleges. Look in what direction you will, a beautiful tower, spire, or Gothic façade will meet the eye. For seven hundred years it has been the chief seat of learning in England, and in the time of Wycliffe, according to Antony a' Wood, it had 30,000 scholars. This, however, is probably an exaggeration.

Methodism," from which much of the material for this article is derived. The cuts will give an idea of the sumptuous illustration of this handsome volume, which contains over 250 engravings, maps, and charts. Of the photographic fidelity of those of Oxford, we can bear personal testimony. For further particulars concerning this Illustrated History of Methodism, see advertisement on another page.

* Mr. Richard Brown, of this city, mentions a striking illustration of the world-wide spread of Methodism, and of the instinct which leads Methodist footsteps to the mother-church of the many thousands of Methodist churches in the world. When in London, he attended a love-feast in the City Road Chapel, showing to the doorkeeper his class-ticket received in Toronto. That gentleman, as he looked at it, remarked, with a smile, "The gentleman who has just preceded you has shown a class-ticket which he received in New Zealand." Thus from the very ends of the earth, the spiritual children of John Wesley come with loving reverence to visit the scene where he laboured in life and where his body rests in death.

"In the year 1720," writes Dr. Daniels, "John Wesley, then a youth of seventeen, was admitted to Christ Church College, Oxford, to which college his brother Charles followed him six years after."

Christ Church is the largest and most magnificent college of Oxford. It owes its splendour to the munificence of Cardinal

West Front of Christ Church College, Oxford.

Wolsey, by whom it was founded, when he was in the zenith of his prosperity. But the fall of the great Cardinal prevented the fulfilment of his grand design, and the cloisters which were intended to surround the large quadrangle have never been constructed.

The general features of the Oxford Colleges, of which there are

no less than twenty, are similar. They consist, for the most part, of one, two, or three contiguous quadrangles, carpeted with a turfy lawn of exquisite verdure, and surrounded by long rows of collegiate buildings, containing lecture rooms, library, refec-

ENTRANCE TO HALL OF CHRIST CHURCH COLLEGE, OXFORD.

tory, students' rooms, and kitchen. Frequently there are quaint carved cloisters, as at Magdalen, or pleasant gardens, shady alleys, and daisy-tufted lawns. The outer quadrangle is entered by an arched gateway from the street, where a porter "peers out

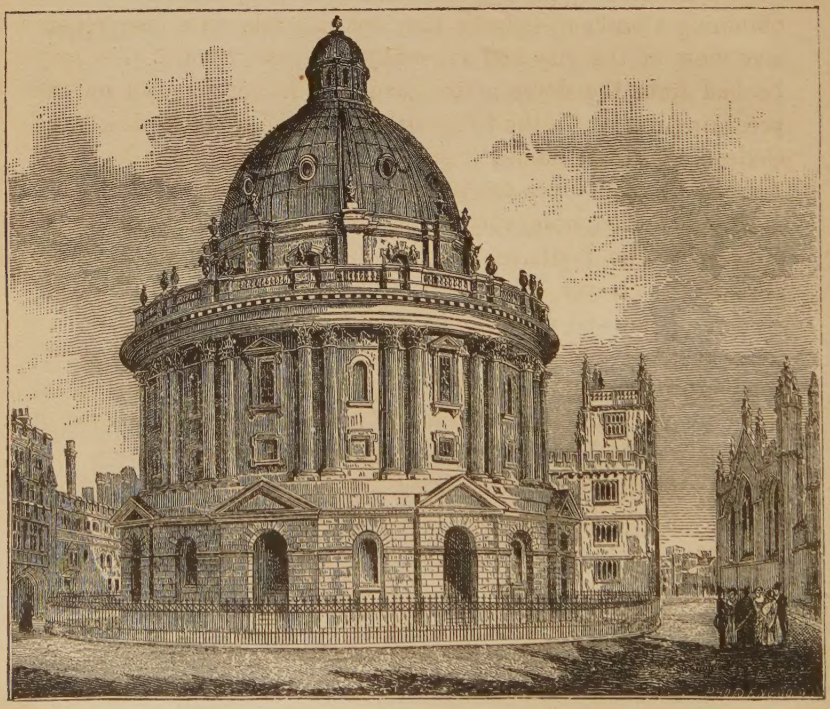
from his den, and touches a well-trained forelock to strangers." As I passed beneath the archway of Christ Church, through Wolsey's "faire gate," well worthy of the name, shown in the engraving on page 475, I asked the porter which were the rooms that had been occupied by John and Charles Wesley. Somewhat to my surprise, the answer I received was: "I don't know. Never heard of them. That must have been a long time ago." I concluded that this ignorance must be an idiosyncracy of the porter mind, for at Pembroke College near by, of which Blackstone and Whitefield were students, is pointed out the room occupied by Samuel Johnson; and the name of Addison is still linked with one of the pleached alleys of Magdalen. I climbed the old tower from which "Great Tom," weighing 17,000 pounds—twice as much as St. Paul's bell—every night tolls a curfew of 101 strokes, as a signal for closing the college gate. One spot, at least, I was sure must have been familiar to the Wesleys' feet—the great stairway shown on page 476, leading to the splendid dining-hall. The beautiful fan-tracery of the roof, all carved in solid stone, and supported by a single clustered shaft, will be observed.

Passing through the centre door at the top of the stone steps, we enter the large dining-hall shown in our frontispiece—save that of Westminster, the grandest mediæval hall in the kingdom. The open timber roof, of Irish oak, 350 years old, with gilt armorial bearings, is as sound as when erected. The beautiful oriel to the right, with its fretted roof, lights a raised dais. On the wall are paintings by Holbein, Lely, Vandyke, Kneller, and Reynolds, of distinguished patrons or students of the College, from Wolsey down to Gladstone, whose portrait occupies an honoured place. Here, at remarkably solid tables, the students dine. Here Henry VIII., Elizabeth, James I. and Charles I. banquetted and witnessed dramatic representations; and here, in 1634, the latter monarch held his last Parliament when driven from Westminster.

Beneath the stone stairway is the passage leading to the great baronial kitchen, with its high, open roof. A white-aproned, rubicund old head cook did the honours of his important domain. He showed me a monster gridiron on wheels; the huge turnspit, on which they still roast, before an open grate, thirty joints at once; and the treadmill where the unhappy turnspit dog keeps

up his unprogressive march on the sliding platform of his mill. Observing my admiration of a huge elm slab, about six inches thick, used for a kitchen table, "Fifty years ago," he said, laying his hand upon it, "I helped to bring that table into this hall." For half a century he had been cooking dinners for successive generations of "undergrads," and seemed hale and hearty enough to last for half a century more.

I went thence into the venerable chapel, whose massive columns and arches date from 1180. It is also the cathedral



RADCLIFFE LIBRARY, OXFORD.

church of the diocese. The sweet-toned organ was pealing, and the collegiate clergy were chanting the choral service, which has been kept up ever since the Reformation.

Amid these stately surroundings, John Wesley acquired that broad culture, that sound classical learning, and that strict logical training that so efficiently equipped him for the great life-work he was to do. The influence of the wise home-training of his noble

mother, her pious prayers and her loving letters to her "Dear Jackey," were a spell to keep him from the fashionable wickedness of the times, and to direct his mind to serious things. Here was formed that "Holy Club," from whose godly converse and study of God's Word such hallowed influences flowed. And here was first applied in derision the opprobrious name of "Methodist," which to-day millions throughout the world gladly wear as the highest badge of honour.

Oxford is such a crowded congeries of collegiate buildings, often connected by narrow and winding streets, that it is only by obtaining a bird's-eye glance that one can take in a comprehensive view of the city and its many colleges. Such a view may be had from the dome of the Radcliffe Library, shown on the preceding page. To the left may be seen the front of Brazenose College, said to be named from the *brasen-hus*, or brew-house, of Alfred's palace. Over the entrance—as a play upon the word—is a huge brazen nose, very suggestive of brew-house potations. Near by is the Bodleian Library. A sacred stillness seems to pervade the alcoves, laden with the garnered wisdom of the ages, of many lands and many tongues. One speaks involuntarily in tones subdued, and steps with softened tread. It was an agreeable surprise to find a book by the present writer in such good company. Among the objects of interest are a MS. copy of Wycliffe's Bible, the true charter of England's liberties, and MSS. by Milton, Clarendon, Pope, and Addison; the autographs of many English sovereigns; historic portraits, including one of Flora Macdonald, not at all pretty; Guy Fawkes' lantern, a very battered affair; a chair made of Drake's ship, in which he, first of English sailors, circumnavigated the globe; Queen Elizabeth's gloves, and a seal worn by Hampden, with the legend:

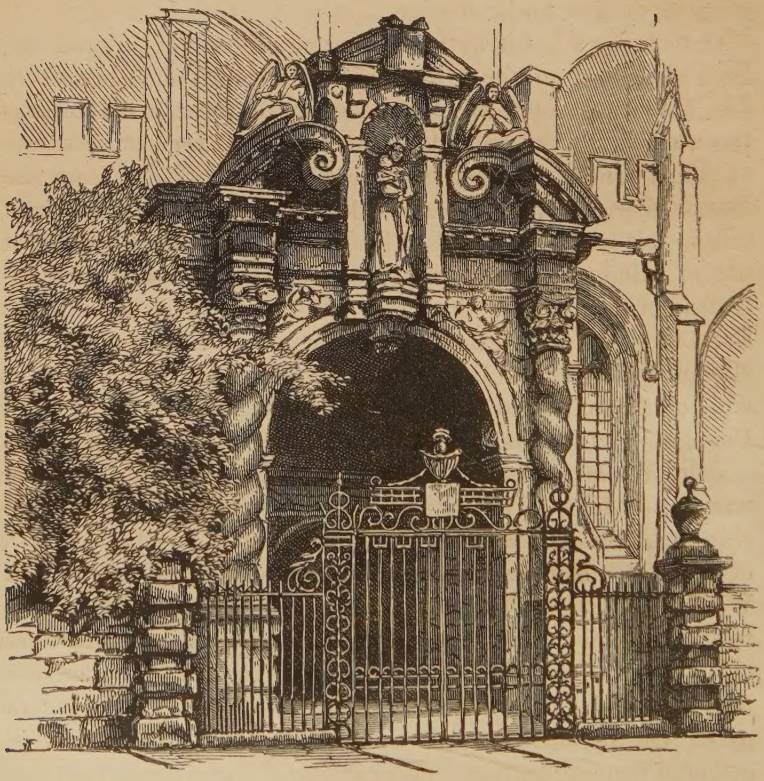
> "Against my King I do not fight,
> But for my King and kingdom's right."

The ceiling is studded with shields bearing the University crest, an open Bible, with the pious motto, "Dominus illuminatio mea."

It struck me as rather an anachronism to be shown as "New College" a building erected by William of Wykeham in 1386. Amid the religious silence and solemn beauty of its venerable

cloisters—"a dainty relic of monastic days"—seems to slumber the undisturbed repose of five long centuries.

The ivy-mantled gateway of St. Mary's Church, shown on this page, is an object of strikingly picturesque beauty. The image of the Virgin, above it, gave great offence to the Puritans, and was one of the causes of the impeachment of Archbishop Laud. It seemed to me a desecration to see civic placards about gun



GATEWAY OF ST. MARY'S CHURCH, OXFORD.

licenses and dog taxes affixed to the doors and gateways of the churches.

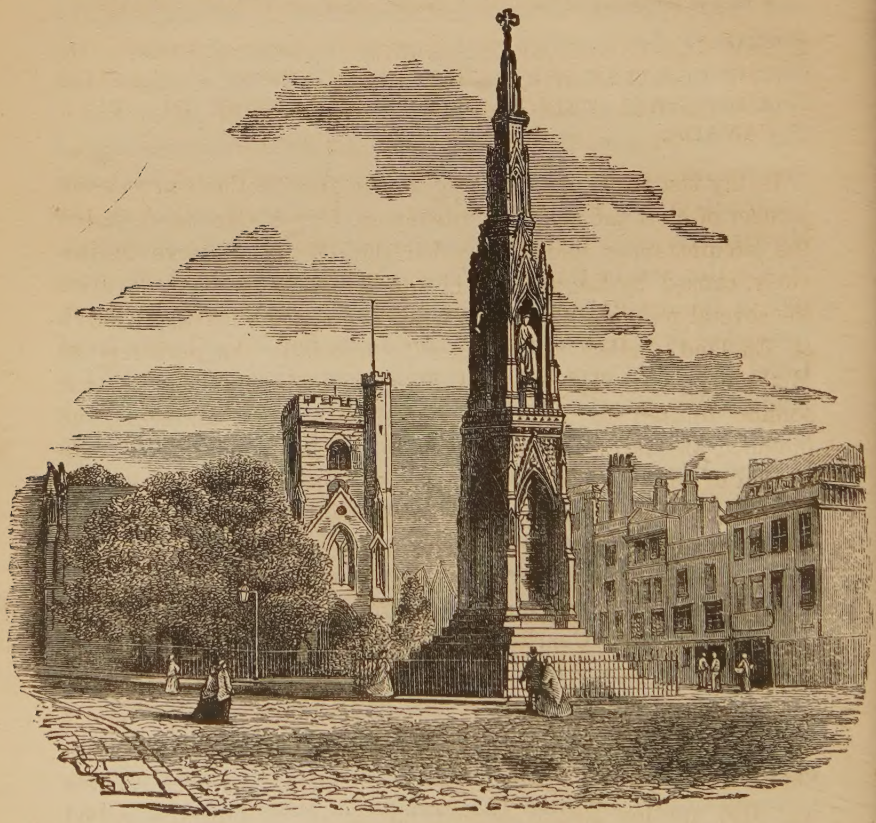
The air of complete seclusion from the din of life of many of these colleges, is one of their chief charms. Not more sequestered was the leafy grove of Academus, than the gardens of Magdalen, or "Maudlin," as it is locally called. Within a stone's throw of the busy High Street, deer are quietly browsing under huge old elms, with their colonies of cawing rooks, as though the

haunts of men were distant and forgotten. Here, in a beautiful alley which bears his name, Addison used to walk and muse on high poetic themes. In the cloisters are a group of strange allegorical figures, the origin and meaning of which no one can explain.. One of the Fellows with whom I fell into conversation, interpreted them as symbolizing the seven deadly vices and their opposite virtues—an admonition as necessary to the scholars of five hundred years ago as to those of to-day. On May morning a Latin hymn is sung on the tower, a relic, it has been suggested, of the May-day Baal worship of pagan times. The persistence of these old customs, amid the changefulness of modern life, is extraordinary. Another singular one, of unknown origin, at Queen Philippa's College, is that on New Year's the Bursar gives each member a needle and thread, with the words, "Take this and be thrifty." The scholars here have been, time out of mind, summoned to dinner by the sound of a trumpet, instead of by a bell, as elsewhere. Here, too, is the Boar's Head Carol sung at Christmas, to commemorate the deliverance of a student who, attacked by a wild boar, thrust into his throat the copy of Aristotle that he was reading, and so escaped. Of this College, Wycliffe, the Black Prince, and Henry V. were members.

John Wesley's distinguished scholarship won him, before he was twenty-four, a Fellowship at Lincoln College, and a Lectureship in Greek. In Hebrew, too, he was one of the best scholars of the age. Nor was his time engrossed in scholastic duties. With his brother Charles and others of the "Holy Club," he regularly visited the felons in the public prison. Within these gloomy dungeons, the martyr-bishops, Cranmer, Latimer, and Ridley were confined, and from it they walked to their funeral pyre. On this spot, we may be sure, the Wesleys often mused, catching inspiration from the example of those heroic men, and willing, if need were, to die like them for the Lord they loved so well. On the scene of this tragic event now rises the beautiful Martyrs' Memorial, shown on page 482. The effigies of the martyrs are of remarkable expressiveness; that of Latimer, bending beneath the weight of four score years, seems to be uttering his dying words, "Be of good comfort, Master Ridley, and play the man; we shall this day light such a candle, by God's grace, in England, as I trust shall never be put out." Intrepid and

blessed spirits! The flame they kindled filled the realm and illumined two hemispheres with its light.*

That light for a time grew dim, and it was the Wesleys' privilege again to fan it to a flame. In this very centre of Tractarian theology, where Methodism was nicknamed, persecuted, and despised, a Wesley Memorial Chapel has recently been



MARTYRS' MEMORIAL, OXFORD.

erected, which is described in my guide-book as "a conspicuous addition to the architectural beauties of the city."

Another handsomely illustrated paper will follow the footprints of the Wesleys elsewhere throughout the kingdom.

*Just behind the monument is seen Magdalen Church, in which is preserved the original door of the dungeon in which the martyrs were confined.

CANADIAN METHODISM; ITS EPOCHS AND CHARACTERISTICS.

BY THE REV. DR. RYERSON.

Written at the request of the London, Toronto, and Montreal Annual Conferences.

ESSAY VI.—THE CLERGY RESERVE CONTROVERSY; OR, THE CONTEST FOR EQUAL RIGHTS AND PRIVILEGES AMONG ALL RELIGIOUS DENOMINATIONS IN UPPER CANADA.

In my last paper, after having shown that Methodism was the pioneer of civil and religious liberty in Upper Canada, I stated the circumstances which preceded the Clergy Reserve controversy, caused by the attacks of the Archdeacon of York upon the several religious persuasions not connected with the Church of England (called "Dissenters"), especially the ministers of Methodism. In reply to that discourse, *The Reviewer* did not confine himself to the defence of the Methodist ministers, but included the ministers of other religious denominations, by several of whose ministers he was recognized as their champion—they furnishing him with all the books in their possession on the questions of dispute, together with information in regard to the birth and education of their ministers. Among the Baptist ministers were the late Rev. George Barclay, of Pickering, and the Rev. Alex. Stewart, of the town of York—the first agent of the local Bible Society—a man of general intelligence and great energy. Among the Presbyterians was a congregation at Brockville, under the pastorate of the Rev. Wm. Smart, of which the late Sheriff Sherwood, of Brockville, was a principal member. There was also another Presbyterian congregation in Kingston, called the American, of which the late Dr. Edward Armstrong and Marshall S. Bidwell were active members.

An Act had passed the Legislature some years before authorizing Lutheran-*Calvinist* ministers to solemnize matrimony; and the ministers of the Church of Scotland and some Baptist ministers qualified under this Act. This privilege conferred distinction and profit upon those who possessed it; but they showed little interest in obtaining for Methodist ministers the same right which they enjoyed themselves. The Methodist ministers

were not only denied the right of solemnizing matrimony, but the Methodist people were without a law to enable them to hold a foot of land on which to erect a place of worship or in which to bury their dead. The writer of these papers had to get a Presbyterian clergyman to perform his marriage service—travelling twenty miles for that purpose; and his elder brother, the late Rev. John Ryerson, had to employ a Church of England clergyman to perform the same service at his marriage. All the Presbyterian clergymen opposed the exclusive pretensions of the Church of England to be *the* Established Church of Canada; but the few clergymen of the Church of Scotland who had been excepted in Dr. Strachan's attack upon the ministers of other denominations, did not advocate equal rights and privileges for all religious denominations, but advocated equal status of the Church of Scotland with the Church of England as the Church establishment of Canada, and an equal right to participate in Clergy Reserve appropriations for "the support of a Protestant clergy." *

* In the first of six letters addressed by the venerable Archdeacon of York to the Hon. Wm. Morris, in the autumn of 1837, Dr. Strachan says:

"For a time you made common cause with other denominations against the Established Church; but since your connection with the National Church of Scotland has been indirectly acknowledged by the General Assembly, you have deemed it prudent to drop your former associates. You have made use of them as long as they could be turned to your advantage, and now you cast them off as a tattered garment, and bring forward with equal violence and pertinacity a claim to an equality with the Church of England, without any regard to the provisions of the 31 Geo. III., chap. 31, or to the smallness of your numbers." (p. 6.)

To this charge Mr. Morris replies, January 1838, as follows:

"In the whole proceeding from that day (1823) to the present time, it does not appear that the members of the Church of Scotland 'made common cause with other denominations against (what you call) The Church,' but what would more properly be styled the unreasonable pretensions of yourself and a few other of her members. Whatever you may think of my conduct regarding the various shapes in which the questions came up during the period between the years 1823 and 1832, the clergy and members of the Scottish Church cannot be justly said to have made common cause with other denominations against the Reserves, for *that* cause was that they should be sold and the proceeds applied to 'education and general improvement;' and when the address to the King to that effect passed, on the 20th March, 1828, the members of the Assembly of that body, including your humble servant, voted against it.

"But you say, further, for what object I cannot tell, that after using the other sects for our own purposes, we 'cast them off like a tattered garment.' Where is the proof? In what instance did the ministers and members of the

Many Presbyterian laymen, as well as Baptists, united with the Methodists at public meetings, and in adopting and signing petitions in favour of equal rights and privileges for all denominations of Christians in Upper Canada, for the application of the proceeds of the Clergy Reserves to purposes of education and internal improvements, and against the establishment and endowment, at public expense, of a university under the sole control of the Church of England. But the burden of that great struggle, together with the reproaches, abuse, and in some instances persecutions, had to be borne by the Methodists, who—laymen and ministers—were a unit in the contest for equal rights and privileges in behalf of all religious denominations.

It may be remarked, that the investigation was not based on the sermon of the Archdeacon of York, July, 1825, referred to in my last paper, but on an official letter and chart addressed by him to the Right Hon. R. J. Wilmot Horton, Under-Secretary of State for the Colonies, for the information of Lord Goderich, Principal Secretary of State for the Colonies. The letter and chart were intended to procure additional grants for the support of the Church of England in Canada, and a charter and end owment for a university. The letter is dated "19 Bury Street, St. James's, May 16th, 1827;" and the principal passages of it are as follows:

"SIR,—I take the liberty of enclosing, for the information of Lord Goderich, an Ecclesiastical Chart of Upper Canada, which I believe to be correct for the present year, 1827, and from which it appears that the Church of England has made considerable progress, and is rapidly increasing.

"The people are coming forward in all directions, offering to assist in building churches, and soliciting with the greatest anxiety the establish-

Scots Church act in the way you represent? If my communication to Her Majesty's Government may be regarded as speaking the voice of the parties accused, the very reverse is the fact. Surely you could not have noticed my letter to Lord Glenelg, of the 26th June last (1837), when you made this assertion; for so far from 'casting off' the denominations you speak of, I proposed that one-third part of the Clergy Reserves should be given to them! And if it is an object to secure the affection and good-will of all classes, the sooner this is done the better. And, notwithstanding that my letter proposing such a distribution of the Reserves has been some months before the public, I have not heard any objection on the part of the Scots Church to the plan I proposed" (*Reply of William Morris, Member of the Legislative Council of Upper Canada, to Six Letters addressed to him by John Strachan, D.D., Archdeacon of York*, pp. 15, 16)

ment of a settled minister. Indeed, the prospect of obtaining a respectable clergyman unites neighbourhoods together ; and when one is sent of a mild, conciliatory disposition, he is sure, in any settlement in which he may be placed, to form the respectable part of the inhabitants into an increasing congregation. There are in the province 150 townships, containing from 40 to 500 families, in each of which a clergyman may be most usefully employed ; and double this number will be required in less than twelve years.

" When contrasted with other denominations, the Church of England need not be ashamed of the progress she has made. Till 1818, there was only one clergyman in Upper Canada, a member of the Church of Scotland. This gentleman [Rev. Mr. Bethune] brought up his two sons in the Church of England, of which they are now parish priests. After his death his congregation was split into three divisions, which, with another collected at Kingston in 1822, count four congregations in all which are in communion with the Kirk of Scotland. Two are at present vacant, and of the two Scotch clergymen now in the province, one has applied for holy orders in the Church of England.

" The teachers of the different denominations, with the exception of two ministers of the Church of Scotland, four Congregational ministers [or rather Presbyterian ministers not connected with the Church of Scotland], and a respectable English missionary who presides over a Wesleyan Methodist meeting in Kingston, are for the most part from the United States, where they gather their knowledge and form their sentiments. Indeed, the Methodist teachers are subject to the orders of the United States of America [not so, for there was a Conference in Upper Canada since 1824, controlling and appointing all the preachers] ; and it is manifest that the Colonial Government neither has nor can have any other control over them, or prevent them from gradually rendering a large portion of the population, by their influence and instructions, hostile to our institutions, civil and religious, than by increasing the number of the Established clergy.

" Two assertions have been made respecting the Church of England in Upper Canada, which, if correct, ought certainly to have considerable influence. First, that the clergymen have no congregations. Now, I affirm from personal knowledge, that in fifty-eight places where regular or occasional service is performed, numerous and respectable congregations assemble.*

" The second is, that in the House of Assembly, consisting of forty-four members, only two belong to the Church of England. Now, the fact is that eighteen out of forty-four profess to belong to the Church of England, of

* In his sermon on the death of the first Bishop of Quebec, quoted in my last paper, and printed the year before this letter to Mr. Wilmot Horton was written, the Archdeacon of York said, " What can fifty-three clergymen do, scattered over a country larger than Great Britain ? Is it to be wondered at that, under such circumstances, the religious benefits of the ecclesiastical Establishment of England are little known or felt, and that sectaries of all descriptions are increasing on every side ? "

the truth of which I pledge myself, and can, if necessary, furnish the names; the remaining twenty-six are of various denominations, but not more than three or four are Scotch Presbyterians.

"The Church of England in Canada was supported for many years out of the very limited and fluctuating revenue of the venerable Society for Promoting the Gospel in Foreign Parts, which did its utmost to increase the number of the clergy; but its means were so inadequate to the demand, that it was at length obliged to solicit the aid of Government to continue and extend its efforts;—accordingly a small sum in aid of its funds has been for some years voted by the Imperial Parliament, of which Upper Canada receives a portion. How inefficient this aid is to supply the increasing necessities of the colony, has been sufficiently shown; for the tendency of the population is towards the Church of England, and nothing but the want of moderate support prevents her from spreading over the whole Province."

The Archdeacon then proceeds to give reasons why the Clergy Reserves had not been more productive, and concludes his letter in the following words:

"Two or three hundred clergymen living in Upper Canada, in the midst of their congregations, and receiving the greater portion of their income from funds deposited in this country [England], must attach still more intimately the population of the colony to the Parent State. Their influence would gradually spread; they would infuse into the inhabitants a tone of feeling entirely English, and acquiring by degrees the direction of education, which the clergy of England have always possessed, the very first feelings, sentiments, and opinions of the youth must become British."

In the Ecclesiastical Chart of Upper Canada accompanying this letter, the names and places of the clergy of different denominations are professedly given. The number of the clergy of the Church of England is set down as thirty-nine, although only thirty-one names are given; the number of Presbyterian ministers not connected with the Kirk of Scotland is stated to be six —all born and educated in Scotland or England except one, the Rev. R. McDowell, long a resident or pastor in Bay Quinte, Midland District. The number in communion with the Kirk of Scotland is stated to be two, with two vacancies. In a note to the Chart the Archdeacon adds:

"As the Methodists have no settled clergymen, it has been found difficult to ascertain the number of itinerants employed; but it is presumed to be considerable—perhaps from twenty to thirty in the whole province. One from England, settled in Kingston, appears to be a very superior person. The other denominations have very few teachers, and those seemingly very ignorant. One of the two remaining clergymen in communion

with the Church of Scotland has applied to be admitted into the Established Church."

Such were the statements on which petitions to the House of Assembly were founded, and on which the investigations were instituted.

The petitions were the same in form, adopted in different parts of the Province. The first name attached to the first petition presented to the House of Assembly, March, 1828, was that of Bulkley Waters—a Methodist farmer in the Midland District. The petition runs as follows:

"The Petition of Christians of Different Denominations in Upper Canada.

"To the Commons of Upper Canada, in Provincial Parliament assembled.

"We, His Majesty's faithful and loyal subjects, Christians of all denominations in Upper Canada, beg leave to draw the attention of your honourable House to the alarming misrepresentations and advice contained in a letter and ecclesiastical chart which were addressed to the Under-Secretary of State for the Colonies, for the information of Lord Goderich, on the 16th of May last, by the honourable and venerable Dr. Strachan, Archdeacon of York, and a number of the Legislative and Executive Councils of this Province, and printed by order of the House of Commons of Great Britain.

"In this communication His Majesty is informed that the ministers of the different churches in this Province, unconnected with the Protestant Episcopal Church, 'are for the most part from the United States, where they gather their knowledge and form their sentiments.' The Methodist preachers are particularly stigmatized with the charge of mixing up sedition with the word of God; and 'the other denominations' are represented as having few teachers, and those seemingly very ignorant.

"Could it be true that the Methodist preachers were rendering, by their influence and instructions, a large portion of the population hostile to our institutions, both civil and religious, the evil would be most alarming; and if the charge be credited in any degree by our gracious Sovereign, we feel with deep regret how low we must sink in his estimation, and how hopeless is our expectation of enjoying his royal confidence. Your petitioners know no difference between those who preach disaffection, and those who habitually hear it. We notice with much anxiety in the same document a disposition expressed and recommended to pursue a policy which shall augment the numbers of the clergymen of the Protestant Episcopal Church from 300 to 2,000; and by the addition of wealth, to be shared by no other denomination of Christians, gradually to acquire to themselves exclusively the superintendence of the education of our children in the public schools. The end of such a system must be ecclesiastical dominion. It is asserted with much confidence by this sworn adviser of the representative of His Majesty, that 'the tendency of the population is towards the Church of England,' and that 'nothing but the want of moderate support prevents her from spreading over the whole Province.'

"We have ascertained that a Royal Charter has been granted for the establishment of an university amongst us; the principle of which, we have good reason

to fear, will be found inconsistent with the unimpaired preservation and maintenance of our civil and religious rights and privileges.

"We humbly pray that your honourable House would inquire into the principle upon which an university is to be established among us; so that no power to hold lands or other property be granted to, nor any addition to the number of members composing the House of Assembly made from, or out of, any ecclesiastical or literary body corporate, at whose hands danger could or might be apprehended to the Constitution, or to our religious liberties; and also, that your honourable House would inquire into the truth of the above recited cruel charges and statements against the ministers and the people, and further to take such steps upon the premises, and to preserve us and our children from ecclesiastical domination, as to your wisdom shall seem fit.

"And your petitioners, as in duty bound, will ever pray."

To this petition, and others referred to the Committee on the same subject, are attached the names of 5,697 persons.

The names of the Committee of Investigation, appointed by the Legislature, were:—M. S. Bidwell (Chairman); Messrs. Perry, Matthews, H. C. Thompson (of Frontenac), and Hamilton (after whom the city of Hamilton is named).

The following are the names of the persons examined by the Committee: *

Elder William Case.
Rev. Wm. Ryerson.
Rev. Egerton Ryerson.
John A. Wilkinson, Esq., M.P.
Donald McDonald, Esq., M.P.
John J. Lefferty, Esq., M.P.
Rev. Alex. Stewart.
Duncan McCall, Esq., M.P.
Reuben White, Esq., M.P.
Zaccheus Burnham, Esq., M.P.
Rev. James Richardson.
Jas. Wilson, Esq., M.P.
Wm. Morris, Esq., M P.
Robt. Randal, Esq., M.P.
Paul Peterson, Esq., M.P.
Thomas Horner, Esq., M.P.
Wm. Scollick, Esq., M.P.
Ed. McBride, Esq., M.P.
B. C. Beardsley, Esq., M.P.
Rev. Geo Barclay.
Jas. Jordan, Esq., M.P.
Thomas Coleman, Esq., M.P.
P. VanKoughnet, Esq., M.P.
Mr. Ebenezer Perry.
Francis L. Walsh, Esq., M.P.
Chas. Fothergill, Esq., M P.
Dr. Dunlop, Warden Canada Co.
Wm. Thompson, Esq., M.P.
Francis Baby, Esq., M.P.
Alex. McDonell, Esq., M.P.
Rev. Jas. Harris.
Dr. Morrison.
D. Cameron, Esq., M.P.
Rich. Beasly, Esq., M.P.
Capt. Mathews, M.P.
John Clarke, Esq., M.P.
Jas. Lyons, Esq., M.P.
Archibald McLean, Esq., M P.
Jno. Wilson, Esq., Speaker House of Assembly.
Rev. Angus McDonell.
J. B. Robinson, Esq., Attor'y Gen'l.
Hon. Wm. Dickson.
Hon. Thos. Clarke.
Hon. Jas. Baby.
John Rolph, Esq., M.P.
David Jones, Esq., M.P.
Hon. and Ven. Dr. Strachan, Archdeacon of York.
Peter Jones (an Indian), a missionary among the Indians.
John Jones (his brother), Indian S. Teacher.
John Fenton, Clerk of Episcopal Church.
Wm. Andrews, Sexton, do.

* Of the fifty-two witnesses examined, as also the other members of Parliament who took part in the proceedings in 1828, all have passed away

The questions put by the Committee were printed, and written answers were handed in by the witnesses. The questions were fourteen in number, as follows :

"1st. Do you think that the teachers or ministers of the different Christian denominations in this Province, unconnected with the Church of England, are for the most part from the United States, and that they there gather their knowledge and form their sentiments ?"

The answers to this question are almost universally in the negative. In the few instances in which no opinion is expressed, the witnesses state that they had not the necessary information to enable them to form an opinion on the subject.

"2nd. Do you think that the influence and instruction of the Methodist preachers in this Province are rendering, or have a tendency to render a large portion of the population of this Province hostile to our institutions, both civil and religious ?"

The answers to this question furnished a noble testimony to the loyalty of the early Methodist preachers, and to the beneficial influence of their labours. The Rev. William Ryerson, after giving his testimony, adds, that "during the late war with the United States, the Methodists were as active and zealous in defence of the Province as any other part of the population. Several of their clergymen voluntarily served in the flank companies, and were in several engagements, and two of them were wounded.*

except two—namely, Francis L. Walsh, for many years Registrar of the county of Norfolk, now in the 91st year of his age, and Egerton Ryerson, now in his 78th year.

* It is passing strange, that there should have been such a persevering effort to fasten upon the Methodist ministers the charge of *disloyalty*, when, as has been shown in the first and second of these Essays, the first Methodist preachers in Canada were officers of the British army, the first members of the Methodist Church in Canada came to Canada on account of their loyalty, and the first Methodist missionary preachers had been Loyalists during the American Revolution ; so that Methodism had been established and spread in Canada under the influence and prestige of Loyalty that could be claimed by no other Church. No charge could be brought against the apostles of Methodism upon the ground of morals and religious doctrines ; but they preached practical Christianity against immorality of every kind ; they preached and professed inward experimental Christianity in contradistinction to mere outward formalism and sinful amusements. Hence they were subject to the reproach of their Divine Master, who was charged with not being a friend to Cæsar ; and of his apostles, who were charged with turning the world upside down.

"3rd. Do you think that the people of this Province would become more attached to our institutions, civil and religious, by increasing in this Province the number of missionaries of the Church of England?"

The answers to this question are wonderfully strong in the negative, with few modifications and exceptions.

"4th. Is the tendency of the population of this Province towards the Church of England? Is it spreading over the Province? Is it not as well supported by its members, and have they not, in proportion to their numbers, equal means of supporting it, as the members of any other Church in the Province?"

The answers to this threefold question are very strong, with few exceptions, against the statements and pretensions of the representative-advocate of the Church of England.*

* Perhaps it may be fitting for me to give extracts from the answers to this question of the four Methodist ministers examined:

The Rev. James Richardson (afterwards Bishop Richardson) said:

"I believe, from what knowledge I have, that but a small portion of the people of this country are members of the Church of England, compared with some other denominations; and though it has increased in the number of its churches and ministers, yet I believe it does not increase in the number of members, in proportion to the increase of the population of the Province. To my certain knowledge, many of her members have withdrawn themselves from her communion, and joined themselves to the Methodists. This may arise from several causes, principally from the want of a Christian discipline being exercised, and a dislike to certain practices of some of her ministers."

Elder William Case—"I believe but a small portion of the population (comparatively speaking) is attached to the Church of England. The progress of her establishment is very slow, compared with that of some other denominations. This may arise from various causes, as 1st—From a dislike in the people to her ceremonies and forms of worship. 2nd—From the matter and manner of preaching. 3rd—From a want of proper exercise of discipline among her members and professors, and, in some instances, from (as the people consider it) the unchristian-like conduct of her clergymen. The ministers of the different religious denominations are supported entirely by the voluntary contributions of their congregations; and the congregations of the Church of England being composed of a fair proportion of the opulent class of the people, are as able to support their ministers, according to their numbers, as those of other denominations. Understands that the clergymen of the Church of England receive severally an annual salary from England of £200 sterling: they derive besides a considerable income from marrying."

Rev. William Ryerson "concurs in the foregoing answer; and adds, that two years ago the number of persons in regular communion in the Metho-

"5th. Do you think that the people of this Province wish that any one or more churches or denominations of Christians should be established by law in this Province with exclusive or peculiar rights, privileges, or endowments?"

The answers to this question were virtually unanimous in the negative.

"6th. Do you think that the people generally wish the proceeds of the Clergy Reserves should be given to the clergymen of the Church of England?"

The answers were decidedly in the negative.

"7th. To what purpose do you think the people would generally prefer to see the proceeds of the Clergy Reserves applied?"

The answers generally favoured the application of the proceeds of the Clergy Reserves to general education and internal improvements; a few favoured the moderate endowment of pastors and the building of churches of different denominations.

"8th. Of which of the various denominations of Christians in this Province do you think the clergymen or teachers interfere most in political matters?"

The answers to this question are various, and some of them amusing. Some of the witnesses declined expressing any opinion,

dist Church in this place [the town of York, now Toronto] (about the 8th of October, 1825), was 50; in 1826, in September, numbers 99; at present (1828) about 150; the present number of hearers vary from 400 to 600, and the increase has been about the same as in the commencement."

The Rev E. Ryerson (*a*) "concurs in the foregoing answers; and adds, that Dr. Strachan admits in his sermon (26th page) preached on the death of the late Lord Bishop of Quebec, delivered the 3rd of July, 1825, that the benefits of the Church of England are little felt or known, and that sectaries of all descriptions are increasing on every side. Dr. Strachan has also stated, in a pamphlet published in London (England), under his own name, that if the proceeds of the Clergy Reserves were not exclusively given to the clergy of the Church of England, that Church would be annihilated."

(*a*) He was appointed to preach in the town of York (now Toronto) from September, 1825, to September, 1827—the first year in connection with the Yonge Street Circuit—the late Rev. James Richardson being Superintendent; the second year in connection with the Credit Indian Mission, where he was the first Indian missionary—the Rev. William Ryerson being the Superintendent of the town of York, in connection with the Yonge Street Circuit. In 1827, E. Ryerson was appointed to the Cobourg Circuit, which, at that time, extended from five miles east of Bowmanville to the Trent, including the towns of Port Hope, Cobourg, Colborne, and Brighton, and all the townships south of Rice Lake, including also the township of Seymour.

declaring themselves incompetent to do so; most thought the Episcopal clergy interfered most in politics, and several thought that Dr. Strachan alone interfered in politics, as he was both a Legislative and Executive Councillor; some thought the clergy of the different denominations did not interfere at all in politics; others thought that they interfered too much, and that the Presbyterian, Methodist, and Baptist ministers interfered quite as much as Episcopalian ministers.

"9th. What proportion, in your opinion, do the members of the Church o England in this Province bear to the whole population?"

The answers to this question were diversified. Some of the witnesses could express no opinion; but the witnesses generally said "a very small proportion," others said "very trifling," others said from one to ten, or one to twenty or twenty-five. The Attorney-General, J. B. Robinson (afterwards Sir John Robinson), said,—"I do not know, nor do I think anybody else does."

"10th. What denominations in this Province do you think the most numerous?"

The witnesses were almost unanimous in stating the Methodists as the most numerous; some of them said, "The Methodists, beyond question."

"11th. Do you think that there are several, and what, denominations of Christians in this Province more numerous than the Church of England?"

In answer to this question, nearly all the witnesses said, "Methodists, Presbyterians, and Catholics;" some placed Baptists before Catholics. The Honourable John Wilson, Speaker of the House of Assembly, in his answer to the question, placed the religious denominations in the following order:

"I think they might, in regard to numbers, be arranged thus:

"1st. Methodists.

"2nd. Presbyterians (including Scotch Kirk, Seceders, Independents, Congregationalists, etc.).

"3rd. Catholics.

"4th. Baptists.

"5th. Church of England."

"12th. Has the Church of England laboured under greater difficulties in this Province than any other Church?"

All the witnesses agreed that the Church of England had en-

joyed greater pecuniary advantages than any other Church. The Rev. William Case said:

"The Church of England has certainly greater pecuniary advantages than any other religious denomination in this Province; and I know of no other hindrances to her prosperity than those alluded to in my answer to question the fourth. [See the answer on page 491.] The ministers of the Church of England have always freely enjoyed certain privileges which the ministers of several other denominations have been deprived of, to the great grief of the people under their charge, and for the exercising of which several respectable ministers belonging to different churches have been arrested and imprisoned (one put in a dungeon), tried without the privilege of counsel, and sentenced to banishment from the Province for fourteen years.

"The Methodists have always considered marriage a religious rite, and thought themselves entitled to perform this, as a religious service, under the 31st George the Third, chapter 31st; but two of their ministers (Mr. Ryan and Mr. Sawyer) were arrested, tried, and banished! Another (Mr. Smith) was acquitted, as also Mr. Pope, a British missionary. Witness has understood that there were one or two Baptists, and one of the Presbyterian ministers, convicted for the same. The denial of their clergymen to solemnize matrimony, in behalf of their people, has always been considered by the Methodists as a grievance, though they are looking forward to the period when a more just and liberal policy will correct the evil. They cannot, for want of a law for that purpose, hold lands for sites of churches, etc., in succession."

The best apology for the Church of England, in answer to this question, is contained in the evidence of the Attorney-General, J. B. Robinson (since Sir J. B. Robinson), which is as follows:

"It has had encouragement and assistance which other Churches in this Province have not had; but at the same time it labours under difficulties beyond some other Churches, which operate against its extending. The clergy of the Church of England, as well as the clergy of the Church of Scotland and the Roman Catholic Church, cannot obtain ordination without a long and expensive previous course of study. The nature of that Church Establishment is such, that its ministers are stationary, and, to answer the purpose of their mission, must be able to maintain themselves competently, though moderately, by the profession to which they have devoted themselves; and to subsist from the casual contributions of their flocks, is not consistent with the nature of the Church of England.

"The preachers of some other sects, and perhaps more especially of the Methodists, seldom pass through the same expensive preparation for their ministry; they derive from their flocks, and from other sources, perhaps, a support not much greater probably than is considered sufficient for subsistence in any station of life, and the consequence is, that the preachers of these sects are more easily multiplied. For instance, I imagine no clergy-

man of the Church of England is appointed to a mission unless £150 or £200 can be secured to him." *

"13th. Do you think that the Ecclesiastical Chart now shown to you exhibits a fair and correct view of the different denominations of Christians in this Province? Can you point out any inaccuracies in the Chart within your own knowledge?"

The various witnesses agreed that the Ecclesiastical Chart was not a fair representation of the state and character of the different denominations of Upper Canada, and pointed out errors in it in the localities of their residences and knowledge.

The Hon. Attorney-General, J. B. Robinson, gave the most favourable answer in behalf of his old master and patron. He said:

"I have never made the necessary inquiries to enable me to answer this question, further than that I perceived a few inaccuracies in the Chart, so far as it regards the Church of England; some churches are erroneously stated to be built, under the impression, no doubt, that they had been built; but either the subscription list had not been completed, or some other cause of which the compiler of the Chart, was doubtless not aware, has caused the execution of the design to be abandoned or delayed. I notice also some omissions in the Chart as it regards the Church of England. I could not pretend, from any information I possess, to construct one more accurate upon the whole."

The Rev. Egerton Ryerson gave in a minute and exhaustive answer, founded chiefly on the different statements which had been made by the Archdeacon of York. But his answer is too long for insertion in this summary of evidence before the Select Committee.

"14th. Are the teachers of the various denominations of Christians not specified in the Letter and Chart before you, few and seemingly ignorant?"

The answers to this question were nearly all in the negative; some of the witnesses spoke of the denominations not mentioned in the Letter or Chart as more numerous than the Church of England, and referred to many of their teachers as men of education and talents.

Then there were three questions put, not numbered, relating to the Methodists. The first question was put to and answered by the Rev. William Case, as follows:

* It is worthy of note that the question did not relate to the number of the clergy of the Church of England and other religious persuasions, but the number of members, the success and usefulness of the clergy, and the comparative advantages enjoyed by the Church of England and othe denominations.

"Are the Methodist preachers in this Province accountable to the Conference of the United States?"

To which Mr. Case answered:

"The Methodist preachers who came into this Province were from the Methodist Conference in the State of New York, about the year 1790. They continued to be accountable to that Conference for their moral deportment, and their characters were carefully examined, till August, 1824; since which time the affairs of the Methodist Church in Canada have been transacted by the Canadian Conference.

"At no time did the Methodist Conference in the United States exercise or claim any control of a spiritual nature over the Methodists in Canada. Their services were purely of a spiritual nature. To supply the wants of a destitute country, they laboured freely and for many years at considerable sacrifice of property, and even of health and life; and some of their ministers, by excessive toil in a new country, expended both.

"The Colonial Government, I conceive, has the same control over the Methodists in this country, that the British Government has over others of its subjects both in Europe and America."*

The Rev. William Ryerson was asked, "What income or salary do your preachers receive?" He answered (1828):

"Our *unmarried* travelling preachers are allowed £25 per annum, besides their travelling expenses, which average each year from £2 to £3, and consist principally of ferriage, horse-shoeing, etc., as the preachers are generally entertained gratuitously at the houses of our members. Our *married* preachers are allowed £50 per annum, besides the table allowance of their families; these generally amount to £15 or £25 in the country where the preacher has a wife and two or three children; and in town to something more, on account of the additional expense of house rent. All the preachers, and also our bishops, are allowed the same. No other expenses or contingencies are provided for or allowed."

* It has been shown in the first and second of these Essays, that the first two Methodist preachers in Canada were officers of the British army; that the first members of the Methodist Church were the first refugee Loyalists from the United States; that the first regular Methodist preachers from the State of New York came to Canada as volunteers, having been Loyalists during the American Revolution, and that those who volunteered and were appointed to Canada for twenty years were ordained and appointed by Bishop Asbury, himself an Englishman, who lived in concealment during a great part of the Revolutionary War, refusing to take the oath of allegiance to the United States until after the acknowledgment of their independence by Great Britain. The Rev. William Ryerson, in his answer to the second question, states that some of the Methodist preachers volunteered into the militia flank companies during the war of the United States against Great Britain in 1812-1815, fought in several battles, and two of them were wounded.

Another question put to Mr. Ryerson was, "Can you give the Committee a brief account of the history and progress of your Church in this Province?" in answer to which Mr. Ryerson gave a brief sketch of the rise and progress of the Methodist Church in Canada, which has been anticipated in previous numbers of these Essays.

Thomas D. Morrison, M.D., a member of the Methodist Church, was Secretary of the Committee which prepared and presented to the Legislative Assembly the petitions on which the investigation was founded. In his evidence, in answer to the first question of the Committee, he said:

"By documents in my possession, on which an Ecclesiastical Chart of Upper Canada has been formed, the principal part of the ministers of the Christian denominations unconnected with the Church of England are natives of Europe and the Colonies, and have there alone gathered their knowledge and formed their sentiments. Nine alone of the whole are lately from the United States, and they are now under circumstances to be naturalized, by the Act lately passed by the Legislature of this Province. Such others as may be natives of the United States have been in the Province a number of years, probably since their youth, and are naturalized; and they have consequently gathered their knowledge and formed their sentiments in his Majesty's dominions."

The Committee say to Dr. Morrison, "You speak, in answer to some former question, of an Ecclesiastical Chart; how was that formed?" Dr. Morrison answers:

"At a public meeting in York (now Toronto), a Committee was appointed, called the Central Committee of Upper Canada, and directed to correspond with the other parts of the Province, to suggest the appointment of Committees, and to request that they would carefully collect and transmit to the Central Committee at York, accurate information respecting the number of persons belonging to the religious denominations in their neighbourhood. In consequence of these, communications were received from various parts of the Province, containing correct and full information on this subject, obtained from personal knowledge or inquiry, and authenticated by the signatures of respectable inhabitants. This information was pretty general with respect to the Methodists and Baptists, and with regard to others, the Committee, in addition to the information obtained in this way, collected from all other sources the most accurate information that could be got. The Chart was formed from the materials thus obtained, and it presents, in my opinion, a very fair and complete view of the number of ministers and number of different religious denominations in this Province. I have a copy of this Chart, which I leave with the Committee."

In this comprehensive Chart we have, in each district of Upper Canada, the names of the clergymen of the several denominations; where born; where educated; how long in Canada, and if naturalized; number of regular communicants; of churches or chapels; of places of regular worship; of places of various worship; of regular hearers.

The much labour and time devoted by Dr. Morrison in collecting materials for and compiling this Chart, were gratuitous. He had been chief clerk in the Surveyor's General Office, and without charge or the slightest deficiency in faithfulness and efficiency, was dismissed—for the simple reason that he had become a Methodist. He then devoted himself to the medical profession, for which he had studied in early life. He was once elected member of the House of Assembly for the town of York, defeating the Attorney-General; he was also once elected Mayor of the city. He was the writer's physician during life, died in great peace, strong in faith, giving glory to God.

The following correspondence took place between the Chairman of the Committee and the Archdeacon of Toronto:

"House of Assembly Committee Room,
"15th February, 1828.

"SIR,—The Committee of the House of Assembly to whom have been referred the petitions of Bulkley Waters and others, and a number of similar petitions from others, have directed me to transmit to you a copy of said petition.

"The Committee have also directed me to say that they will be most happy to receive from you any information, in any form that you may think proper, and that you may consider likely to assist them in their inquiries.

"I am, Sir, your most obedient, humble servant,
(Signed) "M. S. BIDWELL.

"Honourable and Venerable The Archdeacon of York."

The Archdeacon's reply was as follows:

"York, 19th February, 1828.

"SIR,—I thank the Committee for having transmitted to me last evening a copy of a petition referred to their consideration, in which the petitioners are made to convey imputations upon myself.

"I do not feel it necessary to avail myself of the Committee's offer to receive explanations in respect to statements which were not voluntarily given; but when called upon for information by the King's Government, and in defence of the Church of England, against attacks that had been made upon her, I deemed it my duty to furnish them, with a sincere conviction of their accuracy.

"As the duty committed to me in England would not otherwise have required any such communication on my part, I made it at the time chiefly from memory.

"For my opinions I am responsible to no one. I had no desire to conceal

them, and they were therefore publicly and openly expressed. No consideration could have prevailed upon me to deny or misstate them ; but in applying them, every candid mind will feel that the general expressions used admit the existence of exception.

"I desire it only to be borne in mind, that they were given from memory, and in reply to an attack for which I could not have been prepared. Being thus given for a public purpose, they were also given that there could be no danger of any part escaping detection, if it turned out not to be perfectly correct.

"Though I have no wish to communicate with the Committee further on this subject, I beg it may be understood that, with the leave of His Excellency the Lieutenant-Governor and the Legislative Council, I am ready, if the Committee desire it, to attend them upon the usual summons, for the purpose of answering, and giving any information that may be required.

"I am, Sir, your most obedient, humble servant,
(Signed) "JOHN STRACHAN.

"To Marshall S. Bidwell, Esq., M.P., Chairman."

The Archdeacon ultimately appeared before the Committee, delivered to them a copy of the Royal Charter of King's College, and answered various questions. He adhered to the views and general accuracy of the statements of his Letter and Chart laid before the Imperial Government, by which they had been printed by order of the House of Commons, and thus became known in Canada.

The answer of the Archdeacon to several questions throws light upon the early history of the Church of England in Upper Canada.

Question.—"How many clergymen were there of the Church of England when you took orders in 1803?" *Answer.*—"I believe five—Mr. Addison, Dr. Stewart, Mr. Langhorn, Mr. (now Dr.) Stuart, and Mr. Rudd."

Question.—"What are the emoluments of the clergymen of the Church of England in this Province?" *Answer.*—"Till 1815, the salary of a missionary was £150 sterling per annum, paid chiefly by the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts, established in London. Since 1815 it has been, to a Missionary in Priest's orders, £200; to a Deacon, £100 sterling, paid from the charitable funds of the same society."

Question.—"This, then, is exclusive of perquisites for marriages and other services?" *Answer.*—"There is no other service than marrying for which any fee is charged or received, except for baptism—one shilling generally for registration."

Question.—"Are not the members of the Church of England in this Province, in proportion to their numbers, as well able to bear the expense of supporting the preaching of the gospel, etc., as those of other denominations?" *Answer.*—"They probably are ; but they have never been called upon. The funds of the Society in England have furnished the means hitherto."

Question.—"Does that include the building of churches?" *Answer.*—"The people frequently subscribe toward that object; but in that they have likewise, in most places, been assisted by aid from England, collected by subscription."

Question.—"Do you know the number of the members of the Church of England in this Province?" *Answer.*—"I only know in those cases which have been communicated to me, from which it appears that from one-half to two-thirds of all the people in those places are favourable to our Church—and I believe it is so throughout the Province, except the Eastern District."

Question.—"By the expression 'favourable to our Church,' do you mean members of the Church?" *Answer.*—"I would not say members; but I mean preferring our service, when opportunities offer, to all others."

Question.—"Have you any other corrections to your Chart, or any further remarks upon the subject under consideration of the Committee, which you wish to offer?" *Answer.*—"I would desire to state to the Committee, in drawing up my letter to Mr. Horton, and the accompanying Chart, I was called upon suddenly to do it, to repel an attack of the Kirk of Scotland, and I had not an opportunity to correct the proof-sheets; some trifling inaccuracies (but no ways affecting the argument), in consequence of this, have unavoidably crept in, but, for the information of the Committee, I will leave with them a Chart which I have compiled from authentic sources."

This completed the Committee's investigation. The Committee embodied the results of their investigation in a report to the House of Assembly, and the draft of an address by the House of Assembly to the King, both of which were adopted by the House of Assembly by a majority of more than two to one.

Not to protract this Essay to an undue length, I will give these important documents in my next paper, together with the names of the yeas and nays in the votes of the House respecting them, together with the subsequent phases and results of the Clergy Reserve controversy.

FOR all that God in mercy sends,
For health and children, home and friends,
For comfort in the time of need,
For every kindly word and deed,
For happy thoughts and holy talk,
For guidance in our daily walk,
For everything, give thanks!

CANADIAN IDYLS, NUMBER IV.

STONY CREEK.

BY WILLIAM KIRBY.

PART THIRD.

The sun was sinking on the verdant hills
Of Ancaster, thick wooded to their tops.
The English camp lay visible afar,
Like snow-drifts whitening the woods of Spring,
And as the breeze of evening rose and fell,
The banners fluttered ; while the bugles rang
At intervals the calls preceding night.
For stout old Vincent, of war's counsels sure,
Wily as Nestor, and as grey, resolved
To stop retreat, turn back, and strike the foe,
Drunk with success, a quick and deadly blow.
The broad, hill-girded bay afloat with light,
Barred with red shafts of sunset shooting through,
Lay rippling like a valley, diamond-strewn,
Of Wonderland, more beautiful and true.
The burnished headlands of Ontario,
Sun-tipped, in long succession couched at rest
Each on his shadow, grim with silent wrath
Of smouldering beacons, while the sandy shore,
Fringed with white breakers, as a picture, seemed
Of silent clamour and of powerless rage,
Seen in the distances but all unheard.
A fleet of war-ships the horizon filled,
Steering a western course in close array,
To flank their army's march along the shore,
Where it pressed inland, with loud beat of drums
And waft of banners—as of conquest sure.
Some fearless fisher boats that watched the fleet,
Their sunlit sails all leaning to the west,
Flew on before like sea-gulls in a gale,
And at the close of day brought tidings in :—
" The ships had anchored and the army camped,
And with the watch-fires kindling for the night
The woods of Stony Creek seemed all ablaze."
Young Basil scanned the ships with soldier's eye
That flashed expectant of the coming fight
He knew was imminent. A gaiety,
More than of love's contentment, Isa saw

Was bubbling up fresh sparkles in the wine
Of his discourse, which she had drank all day,
Intoxicate at heart, yet sober still
In all a maiden's sweet reserve, who hides,
Even from her lover, half the joy she feels.
"This night will make a record for the morn!"
Said Basil, quietly; as one who breaks
Some tidings that may startle those who hear.
She looked at him intently—pride and fear
Upon her cheek, alternate flushed and paled—
For well she comprehended all he said;
And all he left unsaid was audible
Enough to love's high wrought and subtle ear,
That sixth sense of a woman in the heart,
That knows instinctively the truth beyond
Man's utmost reasoning.
Isa half rose:
"Thou meanest, dearest Basil! that to-night
Our troops will march to meet the enemy."
She faltered.
But he gaily took the word—
"And I go with them, Isa! 'tis most sure!
Yon fleet has come to anchor, and their camp
Will riot in security to-night,
And threaten us with Caudine Forks at morn!
But I mistake our grey old chief, if he
Before the dawn returns, or cease the stars
To twinkle in the lofty roof of night,
Bring not the doom of judgment on the foe,
And out of their dead hands a victory wrench,
Will give to Stony Creek historic fame."
A cold, quick shiver through the maiden ran,
As when they say, "One walks upon our graves,"
It shook her for a moment's space, the while,
The foolish superstition crossed her mind.
"My Basil!" said she, holding fast the hand
That clasped her to his heart, and closer pressed,
"Would that I were a man! one of 'The King's,'
This night to march beside thee! It is worse
Methinks for women to be left behind,
To weep, and pray, and wait for tidings sad,
While all the world without is glorified
With victory—forgetful of the cost."
"My Amazon that would be!" he replied,
With sunbeams on his lips. "Most worthy thou
Of those brave German women, who of old
Went with their men to battle, bearing gifts

Of love to recompense, or words of blame,
More dire than death, for all faint-heartedness!
But I am most content and glad, to know
My priceless jewels are all safe at home!
But Isa! thou, perforce, wilt welcome me
On my return to-morrow, famishing
As any hungry soldier of The King's,
Rewarding me as I may have deserved
After the busy night work that shall be."
She tried to smile, but failed; as when the sun
Whitens a mist opaque, without a ray
That pierces through the blank and ghostly gloom,
Her eyes filled fast, no glance of gaiety
Responded to his cheerfulness. The fear
Of some misfortune crept into her heart,
And droned incessantly a dirge of woe.
Then rose they up to meet a messenger,
A bold, blunt soldier, by the Colonel sent,
To summon Basil to the camp at ten.
The man knew more than by his message came—
"If Captain Basil leads the forlorn hope,"
Said he, respectfully, with hand to brow,
"May I be one of them? the first of all
The hundreds who will volunteer with you?"
"You know more than a soldier should, I think,
At least to speak of it!" and Basil smiled
Good-naturedly. He liked the frank address
Of manly men like this, who thus replied:—
"O, Sir! one does not need a pair of eyes
To see the hour of battle close at hand!
We soldiers, lying down upon the grass,
Smoke and converse among ourselves, and judge
Of this and that—just as our betters do—
They say in camp, to-day will end retreat;
And knowing our old General is of stuff
That will not warp or shrink—they hold it sure
That Stony Creek will be attacked to-night."
The man stood up at strict attention while
Young Basil answered him—"Go now and tell
The Colonel that I shall report at ten
To take his orders, and if I want men
I'll not forget you, friend! So now begone!"
The orderly remounted, and like fire
His red coat flashed between the lofty pines
A minute, and then vanished down the path
That seemed to run into the throat of night,
Where dragon Darkness swallowed up the day.

The evening star shone bright upon the hill,
Love's beacon guiding, when they turned to go.
Twilight drew round their feet, its fairy web
By night-elves woven in the darkening grass,
As down the hill they loitered slowly home.
The house stood sharply outlined in the faint
Pale, silver gray of evening, and each tree
Was pencilled on the clear but fading sky,
In inky tracery to its finest bough.
The curtains were undrawn, the lamps unlit,
But on the windows played a lambent glow
Of cheerful firelight, from the open hearth,
Where blazed the maple logs, and crickets sang
The music of an old and happy home—
While, now and then, a face against the pane
Was pressed, as if to look for their return.
The sound of tinkling bells rose on the air,
With bleat of sheep, barking, and voice of men,
Shutting the folds up safely for the night,
To guard the flock from ravage of the wolves,
Which, near at hand, howled in the hungry woods,
Or bears that prowled up from the dismal marsh,
Thick set with jungle of wild tamarac,
In search of prey upon the Flamboro' hills.

Not speaking much, too full of what she feared
Might happen ere to-morrow—Isa said,
While clinging to the arm she knew must soon
Leave her fond clasp, to mingle in the strife
And clash of steel and dreadful shouts of death :—
"O ! Basil mine ! I cannot tell the thoughts
That weigh me down to silence. If so be
The man spake truly, I can only pray
For thy return, unharmed, with victory
Upon thy sword, and boundless joy for me.
I would not, if I could, dissuade thee ! Nay,
Would rather share thy dangers, if I might
Do aught to save our country from its foes,
To live for it or die, as God dispose."

"There spake a Queen of Amazons, indeed !"
Replied he gaily, with a cheerful smile,
To raise her spirits to the height of his,—
"But life, my Isa ! is not easy lost,
With love's immortal ichor in our veins !
Did not Æneas, stricken by the blow
Of fell Tydides, live by grace of love ?
So I, with more than he to live for, far ;
My king to serve, my country to defend,

And thee to wed and worship—shall not die!
My world of life and love is just begun!"
Great tears stood in her eyes. He saw and said:
"Forgive me! Isa! what a fault is mine!
With this untimely mirth that keeps not step
With thy angelic gravity, that fain
Would smile with me but cannot, for my sake.
Alas! if God's or woman's love should cease
Because of faults in man! Then lost, indeed,
Were he, without a hope to gild his lot!"
The phrase struck on her ear; as when the pipe
Of Spring's sweet harbinger, the bluebird, sounds
With sudden music in the gloomy woods,
Still leafless and embanked with winter snow,
That lingers in the swales and sunless shade.
"O, Basil!" said she, gently, "Woman's love
Is not her own to give or take away!
There comes a time of times, brings to the heart
Its vernal equinox—when, happy they
Who know the season of the seed divine
To plant it in all worthiness—to grow
And blossom into everlasting life!"
He raised her hand with reverence to his lips.
"It comes to me," he said, "that vernal time
Of light and love! The blessed angel thou,
Of its annunciation! Isa, thou art sent—
God-sent, it may be, with this message now!"
Thus, slowly, home they reached, and at the door
The household gathered, and a soldier stood,
Young Basil's orderly, who held his horse,
That champed his foaming bit, and tossed his mane,
Pawing the ground impatient to be gone.
The watch-fires of the English camp were lit
Down the hill sides, and on the level beach,
With crafty purpose, to deceive the foe,
When Basil, with a kiss and brief good-bye
Left Isa, smiling in her tears, with grasp
Of friendly hands of others—rode away
In joyous spirits to rejoin "The King's,"
And share with them the glory of the night.
One secret Isa kept, of all she knew,
From Basil—one of all her thoughts that day—
A resolution of her woman's heart,
Moved to its depths, to aid the gallant men,
Wounded and dying in the fight to come.
With Basil foremost in the danger, she
Must succour them, and would.

"For what," she cried,
"If he should fall, with none to care for him?"
And some must die, she knew—the price of blood
Must needs be given for the victory—
For, strong in all the courage of her race
She faltered not in faith that they would win.
So she, with high resolve, would seek the field,
To help and comfort, as a woman might,
With gentle hand, and not unskilled to heal.
For war had rudely taught her not to faint
At sight of wounds and sickness in the camp;
Nor flinch from woman's part, beloved of Christ,
In deeds of mercy shown to friend and foe.

When Basil reached the camp, "Good-night! all's well!"
The sentries cried; while cheery bugles rang
Their last sweet call to set the watch, and rest
The war-worn soldiers for another night—
A ruse to cheat the enemy, he knew!
He smiled, and rode straight to the tent, where sat
The gray, old General, with a chosen few
Bold leaders, ready, at the order given,
To march with all their men to Stony Creek,
Amid the darkness, and with one stout blow
Strike down the enemy, and free the land.

The General greeted Basil with a smile,
Not without seriousness; as one who weighed
The chance of life and death in his commands,
As he assigned the duties of the night
To each and all, with carefulness, and gave
The post of honour, as of danger, due
To Basil—whom the General fitly called,
"The bravest Paladin of all 'The King's,'"—
To Basil gave, to lead the forlorn hope;
Thrust forward like the spear-point of the march,
Forbidding all, on pain of death, to speak,
Before they reached the enemy; then strike;
Strike home at once, in every vital part!
And seize his guns, and storm his startled camp
As with a hurricane's resistless might!

Proud of the post of honour, Basil bowed
His thanks to his commander, and retired.
While one explained to him—"how that same day,
Resolved to risk no life except his own,
Bold Colonel Harvey,* in a farmer's garb,
Driving an ox-team, with a load of hay,
Had visited the camp at Stony Creek,

* Afterwards Sir John Harvey, Governor of New Brunswick.

Explored its strength and weakness, and laid down
A plan for its destruction ; and, to-night,
The General says, 'the bold deed must be done.'"
And it was done ! A gallant feat of arms.
Not looming large in story ; but a stroke,
As daring and decisive as the best
Man ever struck for country and for King.
A great two-handed blow that freed the land,
And made, thenceforth, all hope of conquest vain.
Not mine, of choice, to tell of war's alarms,
Of battle's carnage, of the woods, strewn thick
With men shot through and through, or gashed with steel,
Or in the furious onset pinned to trees,
With ruthless bayonets and left to die.
While shouts of soldiery, and Indian yells
From Brant the younger, emulous of his sire,
Leading his Mohawks racing to the fray,
Commingled fearfully with roll of drums,
And trumpets' blare, and rallying cries in vain,
And cheers of victory, and groans of death.
Nor will I ; but in pity sigh to think,
The blood of friend and foe like water spilt,
Was thick with kinship—alien in nought
But a divided destiny—the rust
And rancour of those evil days that broke
The old love of the olden time—like that
Which madly rent God's kingdom into twain,
When Israel rebelled and Judah stood !

PART FOURTH.

There was no reveillè of drums next morn,—
No enemy at Stony Creek—no camp—
But a wild wreck of all things that had been :
As of a great ship shattered on the rocks,
And strewn in fragments on the fatal shore !—
And all was flight that could fly of that host,
Through highways, by-ways—everyway in haste !
As when a roost of pigeons, at the dawn,
Breaks up with crash of wings, and streams away
In thousands all day long—so fled the foe !
The dead and wounded lay in lanes of blood
Where rushed the column of attack, and most
Where Basil led the forlorn hope. Dense groups
Of prisoners, with guns and colours furled,
Arose out of the dim light of the dawn ;
And in their midst the grey-haired Vincent stood,

With Harvey, leaning on their sheathed swords,
With chivalrous hands outstretched, and kindly words,
To greet the captive Generals* of the foe,
And soften thus the cruel fate of war.
Then looking keenly round him, Vincent said :
"I see not our brave Basil ! though his work
Is plainly visible on every side !—
No harm has happened him, I trust ! Who saw
Young Basil last? Go quickly, seek and find
The bravest Paladin of all our camp !"
Then rose a rumour low as rustling leaves,
Stirred by the South wind rising in the night :—
"Basil has fallen, wounded, in the dark !
Just as the camp was carried, he was seen
By every man the foremost of the ranks
That led the assault. Amid the hot melee
He must have fallen, no one yet knows where !"
And so it was. But Basil had been found,
Even in the dark, by Isa, who had come
With woman's strength of purpose born of love,
Impelled by fears that seemed to cry with tongues
Prophetic of the evil that befell.
Ere wholly ceased the battle, Isa knew
Basil had fallen, and without a thought
Of her own danger, bearing in her hand
A lighted fackel,† plunged into the wood
Through which had streamed the conflict ; sought and found
Beneath a barberry, that still hung red
With last year's corals, like fresh gouttes of blood,
Her hero lying in his gore. His head
Rested upon the knee of that brave man,
Who begged to follow him in the attack.
His eyes, whose glances had so thrilled her soul,
Were closed like sleep ; for he awaited death
With quietness, as throbbed his life away,
Unconscious of the world and all its pains.
The man was vainly trying with rude hand
Of a rough soldier, yet with tenderness,
To staunch the scarlet stream that would not stop ;
And through the darkness called for light and help,
Till Isa heard him, and thus Basil found.
The maiden gave a gasp of pain,—one such
Comes in a lifetime only ; when a stab
Of worse than death strikes home, and still we live.

* Generals Winder and Chandler, both taken at Stony Creek.

† A torch made of thin strips of hickory bark tied together—so called in the Niagara District. The word is German.

She knelt transfixed, but cried not for her pain,
For noblest natures only inly weep;
And kissed the pallid cheek that seemed to her
To turn as if half conscious she was by.
With trembling hands, yet firm, she closed the wound,
And rent her garment's softest lawn to bind,
And sent for instant help—a litter—men
To bear it, with the burden of two lives—
Her own and Basil's, to the nearest tent.
Help came at once—good help! men of "The King's"
And officers begrimed with powder. They
With pity as of woman's tenderness,
Laid Basil on the litter. Shoulder high,
They bore him softly, safely to the camp,
While Isa walked beside them, watchful that
No stone to stumble at lay in the way.
And Vincent came, heroic Harvey, Brant—
And all "The King's" looked on with softened eyes,
As he passed through the ranks, amid the guns
And captured flags that dropped in sad salute
Before the dying hero of the fight,
Before the gentle girl, whom many knew
Betrothed to Basil, and each head was bared
In silent sympathy. For every one
Loved Basil, and admired the faithful girl,
Whose grief and beauty touched each manly breast.
Hours, days, and weeks passed by of hopes and fears
For that dear life, that seemed a grain of dust,
So light and loose, a breath would blow away;
And still he lived—a gift to Isa's prayers,
Who never ceased her watch beside his couch,
And welcomed his awaking to himself,
His recognition of her, with the joy
The angels of the resurrection feel,
When they raise up to life the happy dead.
In heart, in intellect, and speech, at length
Basil was all himself—yea more; his soul
Had been caught up to higher planes and seen
The summits of the distant hills of God,
Sun-tipped with heavenly light, and in his dreams
Had flashed the garments of the shining ones,
Who bide with man to ease life's miseries,
Or comfort him with anodyne of death
When God the Merciful shall so decree.
But he was maimed forever! Rise or walk
Without man's help or woman's, never more
Would Basil. Once the swiftest in the race,

The foremost in the battle or the dance ;
The gayest gallant e'er took woman's eye,
Or with his manliness won woman's heart !
The summer waxed and waned, till turned the leaf
Red as the war-bird, on the maple tree,
The storm of strife rolled back upon the lines
Where devastation reigned. No husbandman
Had time to labour twixt the clash of arms.
The land was left unploughed, the fruit unplucked,
Except where faithful women went afield.
Last to despond of their dear country's cause,
The first to arm their sons in its defence
And send them forth. Each man was at the front
In the last grapple with the foe, before
Returning winter made a Truce of God,
Enforcing peace upon the rage of man.
Back, ever back they drove the enemy,
Till Newark was retaken—what was left
Of its poor ashes and the blackened heaps
Of its once happy homes, its people all
Cast houseless forth amid December's snows.
But terrible the Nemesis of war !
When Justice sternly cried : "It must be done !"
What could they do but follow in the track
Of the destroyers of fair Newark town ?
With torches kindled at its smouldering fires,
They crossed the broad Niagara ; stormed the forts,
And with the besom of destruction, swept
The frontier clean and clear from end to end !
Then from war's miseries full hard to bear,
The land had rest and breathing time again.
Hope born of resolution not to fail,
Was cheered by royal words ; and England's aid
Lavish as nobly promised, was at hand
To conquer in their trials yet to come.
Basil was not forgotten all those days.
No courier ever passed fair Isa's home,
Where he lay lingering, but message brought
Of kind remembrance from the gallant "King's."
His heart was with his comrades, and repined
He could not share their struggles in the field,
Nor pluck at victory with his own right hand.
Isa alone could wean his thoughts away
From what could never be ! taught him instead
To look for better things than this world's fame ;
Not much when won—not oft untimely lost !
After earth's disappointments, still to look

With her to heaven in faith for their reward ;
Where love, however crossed, so it be true,
Is sure of happy consummation there.
  Sometimes, wheeled to the window, Basil lay
And watched the wind-swept pines and azure lake,
Or gazed on quiet nights at starry depths,
As if to pluck their secret from their hearts,
And found it not ; and then to Isa turned,
Who constantly sat by, with work, or book,
Or wise converse, that healed with softest touch
Some sore of false philosophy, or moved
Some doubt and stone of stumbling from the way.
His thoughts were loosened from their former bands,
As Lazarus from his grave clothes, when the Lord
Recalled his spirit back to mortal life.
In Isa's eyes he saw a light not born
Of earthly ray—a glimpse of love divine.
He recognized the secret he had sought ;
Hid from the godless wise—revealed to babes,
How to Judean Shepherds angels sang
Of God made manifest in flesh—the Son ;
The Word, that all things comprehends and fills—
The Alpha and Omega, First and Last,
And all that sacred letters can express,
In languages and tongues of God to man.
  Said Basil : " Now I know three things above
High mark of worldly wisdom,—Isa's love
For me the helpless one !—a thing divine !
And next the love for truths above our reach,
Above the reach and earthly needs of man.
And last ; those yearnings that possess the soul
For immortality and life to come !
To apprehend the infinite, no less
Than an eternity we need. Some sphere
Where love shall blossom to its perfect flower,
And full fruition, beautiful, complete,
The complement of what is here begun,
And left unfinished—broken in the stem ! "
His voice grew tremulous with tears suppressed.
" As mine is now a useless burthen thrown
Upon thy love and labour."
                Isa turned,
As when with soft reproach the risen Lord
Looked upon Magdalene, and " Mary ! " said ;
So one word uttered she—she could no more—
" Basil ! " and knelt and raised his pallid hands
So thin and wasted to her lips, and pressed

Them long and lovingly, while fell hot tears
Upon them. "Basil!" that was all she said,
The sweet reproof dropped like a blessing down
Of manna, on his hungry soul. He knew
That all the seven labours poets feign,
Were nought compared to this true woman's love!
Some weeks of mortal pain with patience borne,
As manly natures bear them, left his life
Receding like a wave at ebb of tide,
Without reflux, and running out to sea.
The unknown shore loomed up not far away,
And each day nearer. In his eyes was seen
A strange expectancy; and Isa marked
The change from day to day, foreboding all,
And doubling her sweet services of love,
More anxious ever with the greater need.
All books henceforth were laid aside, save one,
The living Word, whose proof is in itself;
As Eden's trees have in themselves their seeds,
Or the Shechinah shines with its own light.
And if like Jews, men ask a sign; behold!
The Word is its own sign and miracle!—
A greater wonder than the sun in heaven.
As greater is the fount of living truth
And goodness, than the lifeless orb of day!
He listened, and he learned because he loved:
Read by those gentle lips and wise, he caught
Some glimpses of the glory, darts without
The veil, in cloven tongues of fire, that speak
In everlasting Pentecost to men.
Then weeks drew into days, and shorter arcs
Measure the hours of Basil. A great calm
Fell on his troubled spirit, such as stills
The ocean waves at sunset, when the storm
Has overpast, and all the west aglow,
Is ribbed with golden cirri, bar on bar,
Above the crimson orb that slowly sinks
And ends the day.
Then Basil was at rest,
Her loving voice had reached his heart, and made
An easy way for truth to enter in
The Gospel now was read of choice. St. John,
That witness true whom Sophists rage to kill,
Of God revealed in Christ. The Word made flesh
The Way, the Truth, the Life. The mystery
Of man insoluble; but now made plain.
These formed loved themes of converse to the end.

Then days to hours, and hours to minutes close
Round dying Basil. A few friends he loved,
His comrades of "The King's," surround his couch.
But nearest Isa kneels by him and takes
With sacred kisses from his loving lips,
His parting words inaudible to all
Save her, his fondest love and last farewell.
Then kissed he Isa's hand, and softly placed
It o'er his eyes, that saw the light no more!
He breathed her name and died without a pang!
A hero born, and worthy of the race
From which he sprang. A race ordained of old
With peace or war to rule with right, and win
The love of women worthy of such men.
Upon the heights of Burlington, among
The grassy graves in ranks of comrades dead,
Who side by side had stood in ranks of war,
They bore young Basil with slow march and sad
Of muffled drums, and trumpet's wailing sound,
And laid him in the soft and kindly mould
With ringing volleys for a last farewell—
An honoured soldier in a soldier's grave!
His General followed him and all "The King's,"
With honest grief for one so brave and good,
Who led the storm at Stony Creek and fell,
Willing to die for sake of what was won,
The victory that saved the Forest Land.
So Basil died, and Isa loved him still.
In years to come, and many came, ere she
Rejoined him in the mansions of the blessed,
The grassy grave at Burlington she kept
With her own loving hands, that never tired
To deck with flowers. As every season came
She silently renewed her heart's young vows,
And waited till Christ called her to come in!
So Basil died, and Isa loved him still.

NIAGARA, January, 1880.

A CANADIAN IN EUROPE.

IN RHINELAND.

BY W. H. WITHROW, M.A.

No memories of the German Fatherland are more potent than those of the Great Reformer, Martin Luther. With no mightier name can one conjure up the spirit of the past. I made, therefore, a devout pilgrimage to Worms, as the scene of one of the grandest conflicts for human freedom that ever took place. Worms is one of the most ancient, and in the middle ages was one of the most important, cities of Germany. It was destroyed by Atilla, rebuilt by Clovis, and here Charlemagne and his successors frequently resided. Its population of 70,000 in 1815 had dwindled to 5,000. It is now about 15,000. The chief glory of Worms, however, is its memories of Luther and its famous Luther Monument. This is one of the finest in Europe. It cost $85,000, and was nine years in execution—finished in 1868. A massive platform, sixteen yards square, bears in its centre a large pedestal, and around its border seven smaller ones. On the central pedestal, twenty-eight feet high, stands a colossal bronze statue of Luther, eleven feet high. He wears his academic costume; in his left hand he holds a Bible, on which his right hand is placed emphatically, while his face, on which faith is admirably portrayed, is turned upward. On the base are written the immortal words: "Hier stehe Ich: Ich kann nicht anders: Gott helfe mir. Amen!"—"Here I take my stand. I can do no other. May God help me. Amen!" Fine bas-reliefs on the base illustrate events in the life of the Great Reformer; in front, the Diet of Worms; at the back, Luther nailing his Theses to the door of the Wittemberg church, the students cheering, and the monks scowling; at the right, Luther giving the cup to the laity, and his marriage; at the left, Luther preaching and translating the Bible. At the base are four sitting figures of the great Reformers before Luther—Waldus, Wycliffe, Huss, and Savonarola. At the four corners of the platform are majestic bronze figures, nine feet high, of four illustrious fellow-helpers of Luther—Frederic the Wise, Philip the Magnanimous, Melancthon, and Reuchlin. In the

interspaces of the side are beautiful seated female figures, symbolical of the towns of Magdeburg, mourning the slaughter of her children; Spires, protesting; and Augsburg, with a palm branch, making confession. The whole makes one of the most impressive groups and finest monuments I have ever seen.

From the Luther-Platz I went to the old Romanesque Cathedral, begun in the 8th century, in which the condemnation of Luther was signed by Charles V. It is 423 feet long. The vaulted roof rises to the height of 105 feet, and four lofty towers are weathered with the storms of well-nigh a thousand years. The carvings are very quaint. In one the genealogy of our Lord is shown by a tree growing out of the body of David, from whose branches spring Christ's kingly ancestors, and from the top, as the consummate flower of all, springs the Virgin Mary. In this stern cradle of the Reformation, a popish mass for the dead was being sung. When the procession of priests and nuns filed out, I was left alone to moralize upon the memories of the past. I afterwards wandered through the narrow streets and bustling market-place and depopulated suburbs, and tried to conjure up the great world-drama of the Diet of Worms, three centuries and a half ago.

From Worms I went to Mayence (in German, Mainz), a strongly fortified town of 60,000 inhabitants, with a garrison of 8,000, at the junction of the Main and Rhine. Here a Roman fortress was built by Drusus, B. C. 14. The bastions of the citadel are still named after Tacitus, Drusus, and Germanicus; and the Eigelstein, a monument forty-two feet high, erected B. C. 9 by the Roman legions, to Drusus, is still shown. Here Boniface, the Apostle of Germany, in 751, set up his see. He was the son of an English wheelwright, and assumed as his seal a pair of wheels. To this day, after twelve hundred years, these are still the arms of the city. The Dom Church, a huge structure of red sandstone, 522 feet long, is of several dates, from 978. It is filled with monuments of much historic interest, from the 13th century. Here lived Guttenberg, the German inventor of printing, 1440. His statue, house, and printing-office are shown.

On every side are evidences of a stern military domination. The largest buildings in the city—great stone structures—are barracks, full of soldiers. At the gates are sentry-boxes, painted with black and white chevrons. Infantry in spiked helmets,

cavalry, and artillery parade the streets; massive ramparts, with a deep fosse, surround the city, and ancient gate-towers tell of its warful history.

The old Electoral Palace, a vast building, is occupied as a museum of Roman antiquities, the richest in Germany. Here are altars, votive slabs, and tombstones of the Roman legions; bronze swords, helmets, and other weapons and armour; torques, balistas, lamps, vases, coins, and even the piles of the old Roman bridge across the Rhine—taking one back to the very dawn of the history of Central Europe.

The octagonal tower of St. Stephen's Church rises majestically to the height of 327 feet. At the top is a watchman, always on the look-out for fires. If one wishes to ascend, he rings a bell at the foot of the tower, when the watchman throws down the key in a bag, and expects his visitor to bring it up. I was very tired, and did not know what might be the consequence if I failed to carry the key up to the top, so I did not ring for it.

It is an hour's ride from Mainz to Frankfort. The railway runs along the winding Main, commanding fine views of the Taunus Mountains. Frankfort is, after Rouen, the most quaint old city I saw in Europe. It dates from the time of Charlemagne, who held here a convocation of notables of the Empire in 794. It was a rallying-place for the Crusaders, and the trade emporium of Central Europe. Here, for centuries, the German Emperors were elected and crowned. Its great fairs, in which merchants from all parts of Europe assembled, have, through the growth of the railway system, lost their importance; but it is still one of the great money-markets of the world, with a population of 100,000.

I lodged at the magnificent hotel Schwann, in which the final treaty of peace between France and Germany was signed by Jules Favre and Bismarck, May 10th, 1871. I was shown the handsome *salon* in which this historic act took place, the inkstand and table used, and Bismarck's room. The city abounds in splendid streets, squares, public buildings, art galleries, and gardens. But to me its chief attraction was its ancient, narrow alleys between the time-stained timbered houses, with their quaintly-carved fronts, each story projecting over the lower till the upper ones almost meet overhead, with grotesque figures

supporting the projections and roof; the old historic churches and halls, and the mouldering gates and watch-towers of its walls; and the old inn court-yards, with huge, long-armed pumps.

One of the most picturesque of these streets is the Judengasse, or Jews' Quarter. Though much improved of late, it is still very crowded and squalid. Hebrew signs abound—I saw that of A. Rothschild, the father of the house—and keen-eyed, hook-nosed Shylocks were seen in the narrow shops. Till the year 1806 this street was closed every night, and on Sundays and holidays all day, with lock and key, and no Jew might leave this quarter under a heavy penalty. They had to wear a patch of yellow cloth on their backs, so as to be recognized. In the Romerberg, an ancient square, was the inscription: "Ein Jud und ein Schwein darf hier nicht herein"—"No Jews or swine admitted here." Such were the indignities with which, for centuries, the children of Abraham were pursued.

> Anathema maranatha! was the cry
> That rang from town to town, from street to street;
> At every gate the accursed Mordecai
> Was mocked and jeered, and spurned by Christian feet.
>
> All their lives long, with the unleavened bread
> And bitter herbs of exile and its fears,
> The wasting famine of the heart they fed,
> And slaked its thirst with marah of their tears.
>
> They lived in narrow streets and lanes obscure,
> Ghetto and Judenstrasse, in mirk and mire;
> Taught in the school of patience to endure
> The life of anguish and the death of fire.

I tried to get into the old Jewish Cemetery, a wilderness of crumbling mounds and mouldering tombstones, but after crossing a swine market and wandering through narrow lanes around its walls, I could not find the entrance, and could not comprehend the directions given me in voluble German gutterals. There are now 7,000 Jews, many of them of great wealth, in the city, and the new synagogue is very magnificent.

The most interesting building, historically, in Frankfort, is the Romer, or town hall, dating from 1406. It has three lofty crow-stepped gables toward the Romerberg. I visited the election-room, decorated in red, where the Emperors were chosen by the electors, and the Kaisersaal, in which the newly-elected Emperor

dined in public, and showed himself from the windows to the people in the square. On the walls are portraits of the whole series of Emperors for over a thousand years—from Charlemagne down—the Karls, Conrads, Siegfrieds, Friederichs, and many another, famous men in their day, long since turned to dust and almost forgotten.

Among the more striking monuments of Frankfort is that of Guttenberg, Faust, and Schœffer, the German inventors of printing; with figures of Theology, Poetry, Science, and Industry sitting at its base—a noble tribute to a noble art. There are also fine monuments of Schiller, Seckenberg, and Gœthe, the latter with reliefs and figures from the poet's works. Near by is Gœthe's birthplace, a handsome timbered house with four projecting stories. More interesting to me was a very picturesque carved house in which Luther lodged, from whose window he preached when on his way to Worms. It bore a curious effigy of the Reformer.

The Roman Catholic churches are decorated in a wretched florid manner, and everywhere we read, "Heilige Maria, bitt fur uns"—"Holy Mary, pray for us." Livid Christs, stained with gore, harrow the feelings and revolt the taste.

A handsome stone bridge, dating from 1342, crosses the Main. It is embellished with a statue of Charlemagne, and a gilt cock perched on a crucifix. According to the legend, the architect vowed that the first thing that crossed the bridge should be sacrificed to the Devil, and a cock became the victim. As I ran back over the five hundred stormy years of German history since this bridge was built,

> "I thought how many thousands
> Of care-encumbered men,
> Each bearing his burden of sorrow,
> Had crossed the bridge since then."

The art treasures of Frankfort are numerous and important. Here is Dannecker's Ariadne, a lovely figure riding on a panther —a symbol of the triumph of beauty and innocence over brute ferocity. In the museum are several Durers, Holbeins, and Van Eycks. But nothing impressed me more than Lessing's "Huss before the Council of Constance." The scarlet-robed cardinals and the mitred bishops, all the pomp and all the power of the

age, seek to crush the solitary, dark-robed man before them—his features wan and worn with long imprisonment. But in the calm, high look upon his face, you read that though they may burn him, they cannot conquer or harm him—that he is above and beyond their power. I never saw such profound dejection portrayed on canvas as in a striking picture of the Jews in Babylon.

In sailing down the legend-haunted Rhine, I travelled leisurely, stopping over at the more interesting points, Bingen, Coblentz, Bonn, and Cologne. On my way to Bingen—"Sweet Bingen on the Rhine"—I passed Ingelheim, now a straggling village, once the site of a famous palace of Charlemagne, of whose splendour the chroniclers give fabulous accounts—scarce a relic of it now remains. At Bingen, a charming old town, I climbed a hill to an old castle on the site of a Roman fortress. A pretty young girl did the honours, showing the old banners, antique furniture and portraits of the dead mediæval barons, who held that eagle's eyrie against all comers; and pointing out the glorious views of the lovely Rhine valley, with the vine-covered Neiderwald, Rudessheim, Johannisberg, and other richest wine-growing regions in the world. Every vine removed in building the railway cost about $2.50. The famous Johannisberg Vineyard is only forty acres in extent, carefully terraced by walls and arches; yet in good years it yields an income of $40,000. A bottle of the best wine is worth $9—enough to feed a hungry family for a week.

Between Bingen and Bonn lies the most picturesque part of the many-castled Rhine, whose every crag, and cliff, and ruined tower is rich in legendary lore. It winds with many a curve between vine-covered slopes, crowned with the grim strongholds of the robber knights, who levied toll on the traffic and travel of this great highway of Central Europe—even a king on his way to be crowned has been seized and held till ransomed. When they could no longer do it by force, they did it under the forms of law, and, till comparatively late in the present century, trade had to run the gauntlet of twenty-nine custom-houses of rival states on the Rhine. In the whole of Germany there were 400 separate states, or, including baronies, 1,200 independent powers.

There are over 100 steamers on the Rhine, many of them very large, splendid, and swift. More than a million tourists travel

on these steamers every season, not to mention those by the railway on each side of the river. A Rhine steamer, like a Swiss hotel, offers a fine opportunity to study the natural history of the genus tourist, of many lands and many tongues. The French and Germans are very affable, and are very fond of airing their English, however imperfect it may be. I was much amused in observing an imperious little lady, followed by a gigantic footman in livery, whose arduous task it was to humour the caprices of her ladyship and her equally imperious little lap-dog. There is also much freight traffic on the river by means of powerful tugs, which pick up and overhaul a submerged cable wire.

Just below Bingen, on a rock in the middle of the stream, is the Mausethurm, or Mouse Tower, a tall, square structure, which takes its name from the legend of the cruel Archbishop Hatto, of Mayence, which has been versified by Southey. Having caused a number of poor people, whom he called "mice that devoured the corn," to be burned in a barn during a famine, he was attacked by mice, who tormented him day and night:

> "I'll go to my tower on the Rhine," said he;
> "'Tis the safest place in all Germany;
> The walls are high, and the shores are steep,
> And the stream is strong and the waters deep."
>
> But the mice have swum over the river so deep,
> And they have climbed the shores so steep,
> And now by thousands up they crawl
> To the holes and windows in the wall.
>
> And in at the windows, and in at the door,
> And through the walls by thousands they pour,
> And down through the ceiling, and up through the floor.
> From within and without, from above and below—
> And all at once to the Bishop they go.

The legend is a curious illustration of the growth of a myth. It undoubtedly arises from the name Mauth-thurm, or Tower of Customs, for levying toll, which the old ruin bore in the middle ages. The Rheinstein is a wonderfully picturesque, many-towered old castle, dating from 1279, perched on a rocky cliff, accessible only by a narrow path. It is the Vautsberg of Longfellow's "Golden Legend." The poet's lines vividly photograph the view of the Rhine valley from its crumbling ramparts:

Yes, there it flows, forever, broad and still,
As when the vanguard of the Roman legions
First saw it from the top of yonder hill!
How beautiful it is! Fresh fields of wheat,
Vineyard, and town, and tower with fluttering flag,
The consecrated chapel on the crag,
And the white hamlet gathered round its base,
Like Mary sitting at her Saviour's feet
And looking up at His beloved face!

The Falkenburg, a famous marauder's castle, was besieged by the Emperor Rudolph in the 13th century, and all its robber knights hanged from its walls. Near by is a chapel, built to secure the repose of their souls. The picturesque castle of Nollich frowns down from a height of 600 feet, whose steep slope the Knight of Lorch, according to legend, scaled on horseback, by the aid of the mountain sprites, to win the hand of his lady love. The name, Hungry Wolf, of one of these grim old strongholds, is significant of its ancient rapacity. So impregnable was the castle of Stahleck, that during the Thirty Years' War it withstood eight distinct sieges. Pfalz is a strange hexagonal, many-turreted ancient toll-house, in mid stream, surmounted by a pentagonal tower, and loopholed in every direction. Its single entrance is reached by a ladder from the rock on which it stands.

The Lurlie rock is a high and jutting cliff, on which is the profile of a human face. Here dwelt the lovely Siren of German song and story, who, singing her fateful song and combing her golden hair,* lured mariners to their ruin in the rapids at her feet. Two cannon on deck were fired off, and woke the wild echoes of the rock, which reverberated like thunder adown the rocky gorge. According to a veracious legend, the Neibelungen treasure is buried beneath the Lurlenberg, if the gnomes, offended at the railway tunnel through their ancient domain, have not carried it off. The fair daughters of the Schonburg, for their stony-heartedness, were changed, says another legend, into the group of rocks named the Seven Virgins.

* Heine's song on this subject is one of the most popular :—

Sie kammt es mit goldenem Kamme,
Und singt ein Lied dabei;
Das hat eine wundersame,
Gewaltige Melodei.

With a golden comb she combs it,
And sings so plaintively; [cents
O potent and strange are the ac-
Of that wild melody.

The Rheinfels is the most imposing ruin on the river. It once withstood a siege of fifteen months, and again resisted an attack by 24,000 men. Two rival castles are derisively known as Katz and Maus—the Cat and Mouse—probably from their keen watch of each other. The Sternenberg and Liebenstein are twin castles on adjacent hills, to whose mouldering desolation a pathetic interest is given by the touching legend of the estrangement and reconciliation of two brothers who dwelt in them 600 years ago. At Boppard, a quaint old timbered town, the lofty twin spires of the church are connected, high in air, by the strangest gallery ever seen. Marksburg, a stern old castle, 500 feet above the Rhine, is the only ancient stronghold on the river which has escaped destruction. Past many another grim stronghold we passed, where wild ritters kept their wild revels—

> Beneath whose battlements, within whose walls,
> Power dwelt among her passions ; in proud state
> Each robber chief upheld his armed halls,
> Doing his evil will, nor less elate
> Than mightier heroes of a longer date. . . . .
>
> And many a tower, for some fair mischief won,
> Saw the discoloured Rhine beneath its ruin run.
> There was a day when they were young and proud,
> Banners on high and battles passed below ;
> But those who fought are in a bloody shroud,
> And those which waved are shredless dust ere now,
> And the bleak battlements shall bear no future blow.

After a day of rare delight, I was glad when the steamer glided through the bridge of boats to the quay at Coblentz, a large town, whose fortifications will accommodate 100,000 men. It dates from the time of Drusus, B.C. 9, and during the stormy centuries since then has withstood many a siege. In the old church of St. Castor, founded A.D. 836, I found, at eight o'clock next morning, several hundred school children, boys and girls, with their teachers, taking part in a religious service. The choir and chancel were filled with flowers—those human flowers more fair than they. One boy chanted the responses to the priest at the altar, and the clear voices of the children joined in almost, I think, the sweetest singing I ever heard. The narrow streets and old gates and churches were very queer. On the clock tower a bearded mechanical figure forever rolls his eyes and opens his mouth in a very ridiculous manner. A lovely walk amid trees and flowers leads along the Rhine.

Crossing the bridge of boats, I climbed by many a zig-zag between frowning walls, to the famous fortress of Ehrenbreitstein, the Gibraltar of the Rhine. During the century, $6,000,000 have been spent on this impregnable fortress. Its garrison is 5,000. A soldier conducted me through barracks and bastions, declaiming volubly in gutturals which seemed to choke him, about I don't know what. From the summit, 400 feet above the river, one of the grandest views in Europe is disclosed. Below, the turbid stream of the Moselle joins the clear current of the Rhine, and the whole course of the latter, from Stolzenfels to Andernach, may be traced as in a map. Our own St. Lawrence, as seen from the citadel at Quebec, is as big as half a dozen Rhines. As I stood on the ramparts, a regiment of spiked helmets marched across the bridge of boats, the stirring strains of the Wacht am Rhein floating up in the morning air. They marched with a swinging stride up the steep slope—large, well-built, blue-eyed, full-bearded Teutons—far superior in physique and intelligence to the average French soldier. One gigantic fellow bore the eagle standard, with several bells and horse-tails attached. The uniform looked coarse, the knapsacks were of cow's hide, with the hair on; and some of the men wore glasses —there are no exemptions for shortness of sight. While hundreds of soldiers were lounging about in enforced idleness, I saw women unloading army stores from a railway van. "Woman's rights" in Europe struck me as woman's wrongs. Better endure a little civil disability than encounter the fierce struggle for unwomanly work with man.

Taking the steamer again, we stop at Neuwied, a Moravian town; Andernach, with its ancient walls, gates, towers, and bastions, and its quaint legend of the carved Christ who came down nightly from the cross to do works of charity through the town; and Hammerstein, a place of refuge for the Emperor, Henry IV., who did penance three days in the snow at Canossa. The view of Rolandseck, the lofty summits of the Siebengebirge, or Seven Mountains, and the towering peak, 900 feet above the river, where

> The castle crag of Drachenfels
> Frowns o'er the wide and winding Rhine,
> Whose breast of water proudly swells
> Between the banks that bear the vine
> And hills all rich with blossomed trees,
> And fields that promise corn and wine,

> And scattered cities crowning these,
> Whose far white walls along them shine,

is one of the richest in natural beauty and romantic association of any in this lovely land. Rolandsbogen is a solitary crumbling arch on a lofty hill, the sole relic of the castle of the brave knight Roland, the paladin of Charlemagne, who fell at Ronceval. Another legend is that Count Roland, affianced to the peerless Princess Hildegunde, joined a crusade and was reported slain by the infidels. The inconsolable Hildegunde became a nun, and took refuge in the neighbouring kloster of Nonnenwerth. Roland, though desperately wounded, recovered and returned to claim his bride, only to find her lost to him forever. In his despair he built the castle of which only the crumbling arch remains, and there lived in solitude, catching rare glimpses of his lost Hildegunde passing to her devotions in the kloster chapel, or watching the gleam of her taper at the convent lattice. At length he missed the fair form and the faint taper ray, and soon the knelling of the kloster bell, and the mournful procession of nuns, told him that his beloved Hildegunde had passed away from earth forever. From that hour he never spoke again; his heart was with the dead; and one morning he was found rigid and cold, his death-filmed eye still turned, as in its last look in life, toward the convent chapel. This tender tale of love and sorrow still speaks to the heart across the centuries with a strange spell; and we gaze with a pathetic interest on the crumbling tower and on the kloster chapel which still looks forth from its embowering trees.

I stopped at the ancient town of Bonn, with a fine university, the largest in Germany, occupying the old electoral palace, 600 yards in length. On an old bastion is a bronze statue of Arndt, the author of the Wacht am Rhein, pointing with his right hand to the storied stream that he loved so well. Here was born Beethoven, whose fine statue was inaugurated by Queen Victoria. It bears simply the inscription, "Ludwig von Beethoven, geboren zu Bonn, 1770"—nothing more. The mediæval cloisters of the Romanesque cathedral are very interesting. The suburbs are beautiful, and in the quiet "Gottesaker" sleeps the dust of Niebuhr, Bunsen, Shumann, Arndt, and other famous men. From Bonn, I was whirled down the Rhenish Railway to Cologne, and soon caught sight of the grandest Gothic church of Christendom.

BARBARA HECK.

A STORY OF THE FOUNDING OF UPPER CANADA.

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE "KING'S MESSENGER."

CHAPTER VII.—THE FOUNDING OF UPPER CANADA.

THE weary years of the war dragged their slow length along. The seasons came and went, bringing no surcease of the strange unnatural strife between the mother- and the daughter-land. From the Northern lakes to the everglades of Georgia, the red tide of battle ebbed and flowed. On Lake Champlain, Governor Carleton now took active measures for the creation of a fleet of about twenty vessels, besides many transports, the materials for which had been brought in part from England, and with infinite toil transported to the place of launching. The Americans also constructed a fleet, but one much inferior in size and equipment to that of their antagonists. In a severe engagement near Crown Point, Arnold was badly beaten, and, to avoid surrender, beached those of his vessels that remained uncaptured, and set them on fire. The British now controlled the lake, and the Americans concentrated their strength at Ticonderoga.

Meanwhile the revolted colonies had thrown off their allegiance to the mother country by the celebrated Declaration of Independence, which was solemnly adopted by the Continental Congress, July 4, 1776. The British had already been obliged to evacuate Boston. They were also repulsed in an attack upon Charleston, S. C. In July, Lord Howe gained an important victory at Long Island, and took possession of New York, driving Washington across the Delaware. The latter, however, won a brilliant victory at Trenton and another at Princeton, which left the result of the campaign in favour of the revolted colonists.

Notwithstanding the protests of Lord Chatham and Lord North against the war, the King and his ministers persisted in their policy of coercion. The following spring, General Burgoyne, who had been appointed to the supreme military command, set out from Canada with nine thousand men, to invade the State of New York, by way of Lake Champlain, effect a junction with General Gage at Albany, and sever the American confederacy by holding the Hudson River. He captured Ticon-

deroga, and advanced to Fort Edward. The New England and New York militia swarmed around the invading army, cut off its supplies, and, familiar with the ground, attacked its detached forces with fatal success. Burgoyne was defeated at Stillwater, on the Hudson, and soon afterwards, being completely surrounded, surrendered, with six thousand men, to General Gates, at Saratoga. This surrender led to the recognition of American independence by the French, and to their active assistance of the revolt by money, arms, ships, and volunteers. The occupation of Philadelphia by the British, and the defeat of the Americans at Brandywine and Germantown, were, however, disheartening blows to the young republic.

The Revolutionary War continued with varying fortune to drag its weary length. Several European officers of high rank and distinguished military ability placed their swords at the disposal of the young republic of the West, and rendered valuable service in organizing, animating, and leading its armies. Among these were the Barons Steuben and DeKalb, the brave Polish patriots Kosciuszko and Pulaski, and, most illustrious of them all, the gallant Marquis de la Fayette. The genius and moral dignity of Washington sustained the courage of his countrymen under repeated disaster and defeat, and commanded the admiration and respect of even his enemies. The last great act of this stormy drama was the surrender of Lord Cornwallis, with seven thousand troops, at Yorktown, Virginia, October 19, 1781. Lord Chatham, Lord North, and many of the leading minds of Great Britain were averse to the prosecution of the war, and now public opinion compelled the King and ministry to recognize the independence of the revolted colonies.

The treaty of peace was signed at Versailles, September 3, 1783. By its terms Canada was despoiled of the magnificent region lying between the Mississippi and the Ohio, and was divided from the new nation, designated the United States, by the Great Lakes, the St. Lawrence, the forty-fifth parallel of north latitude, "the highlands dividing the waters falling into the Atlantic from those emptying themselves into the St. Lawrence," and the St. Croix River. That portion of the definition of this boundary enclosed in inverted commas was sufficiently vague to give rise to serious international disputes at a subsequent period.

The Americans were also accorded the right of fishing on the banks and coasts of Newfoundland, and in the Gulf of St. Lawrence, and of landing to cure and dry their fish. Having once enjoyed those valuable privileges, the New England fishermen would never consent to give them up. The "fishery question" became, therefore, in after-times, one of the most perplexing and irritating subjects of discussion between the two countries.

During the war, the loyal provinces had a history of blended prosperity and adversity. Nova Scotia especially, fostered by large Imperial expenditure in the original planting and subsequent maintenance of Halifax as a great naval depot, had proved unfalteringly loyal to the Crown. American privateers intercepted the vessels conveying stores, forage, and provisions, from Nova Scotia to the British troops at Boston and New York. They even attacked and destroyed Fort Frederick, at the mouth of the River St. John, and plundered the town of Lunenburg on the Atlantic coast.

But the Angel of Peace, at last, waved her branch of olive over the weary continent.

> Seven red years of blood
> Had scourged the land from mountain top to sea—
> So long it took to rend the mighty frame
> Of England's empire in the western world.

The British loyalists in the revolted colonies were the subjects of suspicion and aspersion; and if they manifested sympathy for the fortunes of their British countrymen, they were not unfrequently visited with injustice and persecution. Hoping against hope, they still trusted that the land in which they lived, where were all their earthly possessions—the homes hewn out of the wilderness by their indefatigable toil—would still be restored to the sovereignty of their King. At last all hope died. The tie that bound them to the mother-land was severed. The independence of the revolted colonies was recognized. They found themselves in a foreign country—strangers in a strange land.

Their condition, during and after the war, was one of extreme hardship. They were exposed to suspicion and insult, and sometimes to wanton outrage and spoliation. They were denounced by the local Assemblies as traitors. Many of them were men of wealth, education, talent, and professional ability. But they

found their property confiscated, their families ostracized, and often their lives menaced.

The fate of these patriotic men excited the sympathy of the mother country. The leaders of both political parties spoke warmly on their behalf. Their zeal for the unity of the empire won for them the name of United Empire Loyalists, or, more briefly, U. E. Loyalists. The British Government made liberal provision for their domiciliation in the seaboard provinces and Canada. The close of the war was followed by an exodus of these faithful men and their families, who, from their loyalty to their King and the institutions of their fatherland, abandoned their homes and property, often large estates, to encounter the discomforts of new settlements, or the perils of the pathless wilderness.* These exiles for conscience' sake came chiefly from New England and the State of New York, but a considerable number came from the Middle and Southern States of the Union.

Several thousand settled near Halifax and on the Bay of Fundy. They were conveyed in transport-ships, and billeted in churches and private houses till provision could be made for their settlement on grants of land. Many of them arrived in wretched plight, and had to be clothed and fed by public or private charity. A large number established themselves on the St. John River, and founded the town of St. John—long called Parrtown, from the name of the Governor of Nova Scotia. Numbers also settled in Prince Edward Island.

What is now the Province of Ontario, at the close of the Revolutionary War was almost a wilderness. The entire European population is said to have been less than two thousand souls. These dwelt chiefly in the vicinity of the fortified posts on the St. Lawrence, the Niagara, and the St. Clair rivers. The population of Lower Canada was, at this time, about one hundred and twenty thousand. It was proposed by the Home Government to create, as a refuge for the Loyalist refugees, a new colony to the west of the older settlements on the St. Lawrence, it being deemed best to keep the French and English populations separate. For this purpose, surveys were made along the upper portion of the river, around the beautiful Bay

* The British Parliament voted £3,300,000 for the indemnification and assistance of the patriotic Loyalists, of whom twenty-five thousand are estimated to have sought refuge in the British colonies.

of Quinte, on the northern shores of Lake Ontario, and on the Niagara and St. Clair rivers.

To each United Empire Loyalist was assigned a free grant of two hundred acres of land, as also to each child, even to those born after immigration, on their coming of age. The Government, moreover, assisted with food, clothing, and implements, those loyal exiles who had lost all on their expatriation. Each settler received an axe, hoe, and spade; a plough and one cow were allotted to every two families, and a whip-saw and cross-cut saw to each group of four households. Sets of tools, portable corn-mills, with steel plates like coffee-mills, and other conveniences and necessaries of life were also distributed among those pioneers of civilization in Upper Canada.

Many disbanded soldiers and militia, and half-pay officers of English and German regiments, took up land; and liberal land-grants were made to immigrants from Great Britain. These early settlers were, for the most part, poor, and for the first three years the Government granted rations of food to the loyal refugees and soldiers. During the year 1784, it is estimated that ten thousand persons were located in Upper Canada. In course of time not a few immigrants arrived from the United States. The wilderness soon began to give place to smiling farms, thriving settlements, and waving fields of grain, and zealous missionaries threaded the forest in order to administer to the scattered settlers the rites of religion.*

Our gifted Canadian poet, Mr. William Kirby, thus eulogizes in his noble poem, "The Hungry Year," the moral heroism and fidelity of their allegiance to their King of the United Empire fathers and founders of Canada:

> "They who loved
> The cause that had been lost, and kept their faith
> To England's crown, and scorned an alien name,
> Passed into exile; leaving all behind
> Except their honour, and the conscious pride
> Of duty done to country and to king.
> Broad lands, ancestral homes, the gathered wealth
> Of patient toil and self-denying years
> Were confiscate and lost; for they had been
> The salt and savor of the land; trained up

* Withrow's History of Canada, 8vo. ed., pp. 285-287.

In honour, loyalty, and fear of God.
The wine upon the lees, decanted when
They left their native soil, with sword-belts drawn
The tighter ; while the women only, wept
At thought of firesides no longer theirs ;
At household treasures reft, and all the land
Upset, and ruled by rebels to the King.

"Not drooping like poor fugitives, they came
In exodus to our Canadian wilds ;
But full of heart and hope, with heads erect
And fearless eyes, victorious in defeat.
With thousand toils they forced their devious way
Through the great wilderness of silent woods
That gloomed o'er lake and stream ; till higher rose
The northern star above the broad domain
Of half a continent, still theirs to hold,
Defend, and keep forever as their own ;
Their own and England's, to the end of time.

"The virgin forests, carpeted with leaves
Of many autumns fallen, crisp and sear,
Put on their woodland state ; while overhead
Green seas of foliage roared a welcome home
To the proud exiles, who for empire fought,
And kept, though losing much, this northern land
A refuge and defence for all who love
The broader freedom of a commonwealth,
Which wears upon its head a kingly crown.

"Our great Canadian woods of mighty trees,
Proud oaks and pines that grew for centuries—
King's gifts upon the exiles were bestowed.
Ten thousand homes were planted ; and each one,
With axe, and fire, and mutual help, made war
Against the wilderness, and smote it down.
Into the opened glades, unlit before,
Since forests grew or rivers ran, there leaped
The sun's bright rays, creative heat and light,
Waking to life the buried seeds that slept
Since Time's beginning, in the earth's dark womb.

"But long and arduous were their labours ere
The rugged fields produced enough for all—
(For thousands came ere hundreds could be fed)
The scanty harvests, gleaned to their last ear,
Sufficed not yet. Men hungered for their bread
Before it grew, yet cheerful bore the hard,
Coarse fare and russet garb of pioneers ;—
In the great woods content to build a home
And commonwealth, where they could live secure
A life of honour, loyalty, and peace."

We return now to trace more minutely the fortunes of the principal characters in our little story. During the long years of the war, they lived quietly in the town of Montreal, whose growth was stimulated to fictitious prosperity by the military movements upon the adjacent frontier. The little group of loyalist exiles shared this prosperity. Paul Heck found constant employment, notwithstanding his honest scruples about fighting, in the construction of gun-carriages and other military carpentry; and John Lawrence as house-joiner. The latter, soon after his return from Quebec, built a small, neat house for himself in the suburbs, where St. Lawrence Main Street began to stretch out into the country. Hither, the following spring, he brought as his bride the blooming young widow, Mary Embury. It was a very quiet wedding. They were married by the military chaplain, in the little English church which had been erected for the use of the growing English population. Theirs being the first marriage celebrated in the church, they received from the churchwardens the present of as handsome a Bible and Prayer Book as the store of the principal mercer and draper of the town, who was also the only bookseller, contained. After the marriage ceremony, they received a hearty "infare" to their own house, under the motherly management of Barbara Heck. Nor was this little group of Methodists without the chastening effects of sorrow. Two children, the daughters of Paul and Barbara Heck—sweet girls about twelve and eight years old—within a short period of each other, died. The parent's heart was stricken sore, but smiling through her tears, Barbara consoled her husband with the holy words: "The Lord gave, the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord."

Such were the difficulties and obstructions of travel during the war, that none of their old loyalist neighbours in the revolted province of New York were able to carry out their cherished purpose of escaping to the great northern province which remained still loyal to the King. At the close of the war, however, a number of them reached Montreal, and after a temporary sojourn there, sought new homes in what was then the virgin wilderness of Upper Canada, and was recently erected into a province. The Hecks and Lawrences, desirous of returning to the simple agricultural life in which they had been bred, resolved to join them. The sturdy boys of Paul and Barbara

Heck were growing up almost to man's estate; indeed, the oldest was over twenty-one. The little company of Methodist pioneers, therefore, again set their faces to the wilderness.*

"We go forth like Abraham, not knowing whither we go," said Barbara Heck; but with the prescient instinct of a mother in Israel, she added, "but I have faith to believe that this is my last removal, and that God will give us a home, and to our seed after us. A-many changes have I seen; I seek now a quiet resting-place, and a grave among my children and my children's children."

Prophetic words! She now sleeps her last sleep amid her kinsfolk after the flesh; and her spiritual kinsfolk—the great Methodist community of whom she was the mother and pioneer in this new province—far and wide have filled the land.

At Lachine, above the rapids, the little company embarked their household gear in a brigade of stout batteaux. Along the river's bank the boys drove the cattle that were to stock the future farms. The oxen were employed, also, in dragging the batteaux at the Cedar and Gallops rapids. Night after night they drew up their boats and pitched their tents in the shadows of the primeval forest. At length, after a week's strenuous toil, these pioneers of civilization reached the newly surveyed township of Augusta, in which were the allotted lands for which they held the patents of the Crown. They lay on the broad upland slope of the St. Lawrence, in full view of the rushing river, near the spot where the pretty village of Maitland now stands. They found, with little difficulty, the blazed trees with the surveyor's marks, by which they recognized their several allotments. The tents were pitched beneath the forest shade, the boats unladed, the fires kindled, and in the long twilight—it was the early spring—they ate their bread in their new home, if home it could be called, while not yet a tree was felled, with gladness and singleness of heart; and like Jacob at Bethel, erected an altar and worshipped the God of their fathers in that lofty-vaulted and solemn-aisled cathedral of the forest.

Day after day the keen-edged axes ring through the woods.

* Dr. Stevens, in his history of the M. E. Church, gives an earlier date, 1778, as that of their removal to Upper Canada; but in his Centenary volume on Methodism, written after fuller investigations, he corrects his error, and gives the date of their removal to Upper Canada as 1785.

The immemorial monarchs of the forest are felled to earth, and soon, shorn of their branches, lie cut in log lengths on the sward. Strong arms and brave hearts build the first rude log houses. The children gather moss to stuff the chinks. The rough "stick chimney" is constructed, but most of the cooking is still done out of doors by the women, beneath the shade of broad-armed maples. The straining oxen, with much shouting and "haw-gee"-ing of their drivers, drag the huge logs into heaps, and all hands, including women and children, help to gather the brush and branches of the felled trees. These soon drying in the sun, help to kindle the log heaps, which blaze and smoulder day after day, like the funeral pyre of some sylvan Sardanapalus, till only a bed of ashes tells of the cremation of these old forest kings. The rich alluvial soil is rudely scratched with a harrow, and the seed wheat and corn and potatoes are committed to its care, and soon the late stern and frowning wilderness laughs with the waving harvest.

The dim forest aisles are full of sounds of mystery and delight. The noisy finches call out unceasingly, "Sow the wheat! sow the wheat." The chattering blue-jay, who, clad in regalest purple, sows not neither does he reap, laughs derisively as the farmers toil. The scarlet-crested woodpecker, like some proud cardinal, haughtily raps upon the hollow beech. In the pensive twilight, the plaintive cry of the whip-poor-will is heard; and at the solemn midnight, from the top of the blasted pine, shrieks the ghostly whoop of the great horned owl, as if demanding who dare molest his ancient solitary reign. The wild flowers are to the children a perpetual delight—the snowy triliums, the sweet wood violet, the purple iris, the waxen and fragrant pond-lily, with its targe-like floating leaf; and, like Moses' bush, ever burning, ever unconsumed, the flame-like brilliance of the cardinal flower.

Before winter the transformation of the scene was wonderful. A cluster of houses formed a nucleus of civilization in the wilderness. The cattle were comfortably housed in a combined stable and barn, one deep bay of which was filled with the golden sheaves of ripened grain. While the wind howled loud without, the regular thud, thud, of the falling flail made sweet music to the farmer's ear. The wind-winnowed grain was either pounded with a wooden pestle in a hollowed tree stump, or ground in

hand-mills by those fortunate enough to possess them. Not unfrequently would be heard, in the long drear nights of winter, when the trees snapped with frost and the ice on the river rent with an explosion like cannon, the melancholy long-drawn howl of the pack of wolves, and more than once the sheep-pen was invaded and their fleecy victim was devoured to the very bones. Amid such privations and hardships as these did the pilgrim fathers of Canada lay the foundations of the grand Dominion of to-day.

Amid their secular labours, the pioneers did not forget nor neglect their spiritual husbandry. True to their providential mission, they became the founders and pioneers of Methodism in Upper Canada, as they had been in the United States. In the house of John and Mary Lawrence, the widow of Philip Embury, a class-meeting was forthwith organized, of which Samuel Embury, a promising young man, walking in the footsteps of his sainted father, was the first leader. Among its first members were Paul and Barbara Heck; and the names of their three sons, recorded on its roll, perpetuate the godly traditions of their house, which, like the house of Rachab, has never failed to have a man "to stand before the Lord." "They thus anticipated," remarks Dr. Stevens, "and in part prepared, the way for the Methodist itinerancy in Canada, as they had in the United States, for William Losee, the first regular Methodist preacher in Canada, did not enter the province till 1790. The germ of Canadian Methodism was planted by these memorable families five or six years before Losee's arrival."*

'Tis weary watching wave by wave,
And yet the tide heaves onward;
We climb like corals, grave by grave,
But pave a path that's sunward.
We're beaten back in many a fray;
But newer strength we borrow,
And where the vanguard keeps to-day,
The rear shall rest to-morrow.

* Centenary volume, p. 179.

GREAT REFORMERS.

*MARTIN LUTHER.**

I.

BY W. H. WITHROW, M.A.

LUTHER ON PILATE'S STAIRCASE

"In Martin Luther," says the Chevalier Bunsen, "we have the greatest hero of Christendom since the days of the apostles." He was the foremost actor in the greatest event of modern times.

* The principal authorities consulted in the preparation of this sketch have been Bunsen's Life of Luther, and Ranke's, D'Aubigné's, and Fisher's Histories of the Reformation.

"For him," says Carlyle, "the whole world and its history was waiting; and he was the mighty man whose light was to flame as a beacon over long centuries and epochs of the world."

Luther was a child of the people. "I am a peasant's son," he says; "my father, my grandfather, my great-grandfather were thorough peasants—*recte Bauern.*" "He was born poor, and brought up poor, one of the poorest of men," says Carlyle, "yet what were all emperors, popes, and potentates in comparison!" He was one of God's anointed kings and priests, the kingliest soul of modern times.

In the little village of Eisleben, in Saxony, in the year 1483, this child of destiny was born. "My parents," writes the Reformer, "were very poor. My father was a poor wood-cutter, and my mother has often carried wood upon her back, that she might procure the means of bringing up her children." But though poor, his parents sought to make their son a scholar, and he was sent successively to the schools of Magdeburg and Eisenach, and to the university of Erfurt. A stern discipline ruled in the village school. Luther complains of having been punished fifteen times in a single morning. So poor was he, that, when pinched with hunger, he used to sing from door to door the sweet German carols of the time for food. One day the kind-hearted Ursula Cotta, the wife of the burgomaster of Ilefeld, took pity on the lad and adopted him into her household during his schooldays at Eisenach.

At the university of Erfurt Luther was a very diligent and successful student, becoming familiar with both classic lore and scholastic philosophy. The most important event of his college life was his discovery in the library of the university of an old Latin Bible—a book which he had never seen in its entirety before. "In that Bible," says D'Aubigné, "the Reformation lay hid."

Two other events also occurred which affected the whole of his after-life. A serious illness brought him almost to death's door, and his friend and fellow-student, Alexis, was smitten dead by his side by a stroke of lightning. The solemn warning spoke to the heart of Luther like the voice that spoke to Saul on the way to Damascus. He resolved to give up his hopes of worldly advancement, and to devote himself to the service of God alone. He had been trained for the practice of law; but he entered forthwith an Augustinian monastery. His scholastic habit gave place

to a monk's coarse serge dress. The accomplished scholar and young doctor of philosophy performed the menial tasks of porter of the monastery, swept the church, cleaned out the cells, and with his wallet by his side begged bread for the mendicant brotherhood from door to door. He also studied with zeal the scholastic theology, and especially the Word of God. He sought to mortify his body for the health of his soul. A little bread and a small herring were often his daily food, and sometimes he fasted for four days at a time. The youthful monk was, at least, terribly in earnest in his self-imposed penance. Never had Rome a more sincere devotee. "I tortured myself almost to death," he wrote, "in order to procure peace with God for my troubled heart and agitated conscience; but, surrounded with thick darkness, I found peace nowhere." The words of the Creed, which he had learned in his childhood, now brought comfort to his heart: "I believe in the forgiveness of sins;" and that other emancipating word: "the just shall live by faith." At the end of two years he was ordained priest. As he received authority "to offer sacrifice for the living and the dead," his intense conviction of the real presence of Christ upon the altar almost overwhelmed his soul.

Luther was now summoned, in the 25th year of his age, to the chair of philosophy and theology in the University of Wittemberg. He devoted himself with zeal to the study and exposition of the Word of God. He was also appointed preacher to the university and town council, and the impassioned energy of his sermons charmed every heart. Two or three years later he was sent as the agent of his Order to negotiate certain business with the Vicar-General at Rome. As he drew near the seven-hilled city—the mother-city of the Catholic faith, the seat of God's Vicegerents upon earth—he fell upon his knees, exclaiming, "Holy Rome, I salute thee." He went the round of the churches. He visited the sacred places. He said mass at the holiest altars. He did everything that could be done to procure the religious benefits which the sacred places of Rome were supposed to impart.

The warlike Julius now sat upon the Papal chair. The infamous Borgia had but recently been summoned to his account. The scarce disguised paganism of the Papal Court filled the soul of the Saxon monk with horror. He tells of wicked priests who, when celebrating the solemnities of the mass, were wont to use, instead of the sacred formula, the mocking words, "Panis es, et

panis manebis "—"Bread thou art, and bread thou shalt remain." "No one," he says again, "can imagine what sins and infamies are committed in Rome. If there is a hell, Rome is built over it." It was a dreadful disenchantment to his soul. He came to the Eternal City as to the holy of holies on earth. He found it the place where Satan's seat was. One day, while toiling on his knees up the steps of Pilate's stairs—the very steps, according to tradition, trodden by our Lord on the last night of His mortal life; "than which," says an inscription at the top, "there is no holier spot on earth"—there flashed once more through his soul the emancipating words: "The just shall live by faith." He rose from his knees. His soul revolted from the mummeries of Rome. The Reformation was begun.

Luther returned to his university, his heart full of grief and indignation at the corruptions of religion which he had witnessed. But it needed yet another revelation of Romish fraud to rouse his mighty soul to arms against the mystery of iniquity which had so long beguiled the minds of men; and that revelation in due time was made. The measure of papal iniquity was filled up by her shameless traffic in pardons for sins past, present, and to come. Were not the historic evidences of this wickedness irrefragable, it would be deemed incredible. To gain money for the erection of the mighty Church of St. Peter's—one which should eclipse in splendour and magnificence all the churches of Christendom—Pope Leo X.* sent forth indulgence-mongers across the Alps to extort alike from prince and peasant, by the sale of licences to sin, the gold required for his vainglorious purpose. One of the most shameless of these indulgence-sellers, the Dominican monk, John Tetzel, found his way to the quiet towns and cities of central Germany. In the pomp and state of an archbishop he traversed the country. Setting up his great red cross and pulpit in the market-places, he offered his wares with the effrontery of a mountebank and quacksalver, to which he added the most frightful blasphemies. "This cross," he would say, pointing to his standard, "has as much efficacy as the very cross of Christ. There is no sin so great that an indulgence cannot remit; only let the sinner pay well, and all will be forgiven him."

* "Of prodigal expenditure and magnificent tastes, he would have been," said a Roman prelate, "a perfect man if he had had some knowledge of religion."

Even the release of souls in purgatory could be purchased by money. And he sought to wring the souls of his hearers by appeals to their human affections:

"Priest! noble! merchant! wife! youth! maiden! do you not hear your parents and friends who are dead cry from the bottomless abyss, 'We are suffering horrible torments; a trifling alms will save us; you can give it, and you will not?'"

As the people shuddered at these words, the brazen impostor went on: "At the very instant that the money rattles at the bottom of the chest, the soul escapes from purgatory and flees to heaven." Increasing in blasphemy, he added, "The Lord our God no longer reigns. He has resigned all power to the Pope." Yet, with strange inconsequence, he would appeal to the people to come to the aid of "poor Leo X., who had not means to shelter the bodies of St. Peter and St. Paul from the rain and hail, by which they were dishonoured and polluted." There was a graded price for the pardon of every sin, past or future, from the most venial to the most heinous—even those of nameless shame.

The honest soul of Luther was roused to indignation by these impieties. "If God permit, I will make a hole in Tetzel's drum," he said. He denied the efficacy of the Pope's indulgences, declaring, "except ye repent ye shall all likewise perish." But still the delusion spread. The traffic in licences to sin throve amain. The brave Reformer took his resolve. He would protest in the name of God against the flagrant iniquity. At noon on the day before the Feast of All-Saints, when whoso visited the Wittemberg church was promised a plenary pardon, he walked boldly up and nailed upon the door a paper containing the famous ninety-five theses against the doctrine of indulgences. The first of these, which gives the keynote of the whole, reads thus: "When our Lord and Master Jesus Christ says 'Repent,' He means that the whole life of believers upon earth should be a constant and perpetual repentance." This 31st of October, 1517, was the epoch of the Reformation. The sounds of the hammer that nailed this bold protest to the church door echoed throughout Europe, and shook the papal throne. Thus was hurled down the gauntlet of defiance to the spiritual tyranny of Rome. The theses created a prodigious sensation. "As nobody was willing to bell the cat," wrote the Reformer, "poor Luther became a famous Doctor because he ventured to do it. But I did not like this glory, and the tune

was nearly too high for my voice." "Oh!" he writes again, "with what anxiety and labour, with what searching of the Scriptures, have I justified myself in conscience in standing up alone against the Pope." Tetzel, of course, attacked the theses with virulence, caused them to be publicly burned, and declared their author worthy of the same fate. Luther cogently defended them.

Soon more able opponents than Tetzel appeared against the Reformer—Prierias, the papal censor; Dr. Eck, a learned theologian; and Cajetan, the papal legate. But Luther defied them all. "I will not," he wrote, "become a heretic by denying the truth; sooner will I die, be burnt, be banished, be anathematized. If I am put to death, Christ lives; Christ my Lord, blessed for evermore. Amen!" He was summoned to Rome to meet the charges of heresy alleged against his teaching, but the venue of the conference with the papal legate was changed to Augsburg, in Germany. "When all men forsake you," asked the legate, "where will you take refuge?" "Under heaven"—"*sub cælo*," said Luther, looking upward with the eye of faith. "If I had four hundred heads," he said again, in his striking manner, "I would rather lose them all than retract the testimony I have borne to the holy Christian faith. They may have my body if it be God's will, but my soul they shall not have." After ten days spent in profitless disputation, Luther appealed "from the Pope ill-informed to the Pope better-informed," and then to a General Council. By the advice of his friends, who feared lest he should be betrayed into the power of his enemies, he left Augsburg by night. By the connivance of the town authorities he escaped through a postern gate in the wall, and rode over forty miles the next day. His horse, we read, was a hard trotter; and Luther, unaccustomed to riding and worn out with the journey, was glad to throw himself down on a truss of straw.

The champion of the Reformed doctrine accepted a challenge of the famous Dr. Eck, the Chancellor of Ingoldstadt, to discuss at Leipsic the primacy of the pope, the doctrine of purgatory, and other matters in dispute between the adherents of the Church of Rome and those of the Reformed faith. The disputation took place in a public hall of the ducal palace, in the presence of Duke George. Each disputant had a rostrum to himself. The hall was crowded with spectators, who warmly applauded their favourite champions. The war of words lasted twenty

days, and resulted, as such logomachia generally do, in a drawn battle, neither party admitting defeat. Luther startled his opponents by avowing his belief in certain doctrines of both Huss and Wycliffe which had been denounced by the Council of Constance. "It matters not by whom they were taught or condemned," he said; "they are *truth*." The breach was widening between the Saxon monk and the Church of Rome. It was asserted that such an impious apostate must be in league with the Devil. Nay, it was affirmed that he carried a devil about with him, confined in a small box!

Yet it was a violent wrench that tore Luther from the companionship of his old friends. To one of these, Staupitz, he wrote: "You have abandoned me. I have been very sad on your account, as a wearied child cries after its mother." Yet loyalty to the convictions of his conscience demanded the sacrifice of any earthly tie. A storm of fanaticism was kindling against the bold Reformer. His doctrines were condemned by the universities of Cologne and Louvain. The priests of Meissen even taught publicly that he who should kill Luther would be without sin.* Such teaching produced its natural result. One day a stranger who held a pistol concealed beneath his cloak demanded of him, "Why do you go thus alone?" "I am in God's hands," said the heroic soul, "what can man do unto me?" and the would-be assassin, brought into conscious conflict with the Almighty, turned pale and fled trembling away.

Before his final breach with Rome, Luther wrote a letter of respectful remonstrance to the pope, invoking him to set about the work of reformation in his corrupt court and in the Church. With this letter he sent a copy of his Discourse on Christian Liberty, in which he set forth, in a noble and elevated strain, "the inwardness of true religion, the marriage of the soul to Christ through faith in the Word, and the vital connection of faith and works."

But this remonstrance only hastened his condemnation. What the pope wanted was not arguments, but submission. The last weapon of papal tyranny was now employed. A bull of excommunication was launched against the Reformer. With symbolical ceremonial and solemn cursings the Saxon monk was cut off

* Ut sine peccato esse eum censebant qui me interfecerit.—Lutheri Epistola i., 383, quoted by D'Aubigne, Bk. V., c. 2.

from Christendom, and incurred the dreadful anathema of the mitred tyrant of Rome; and was soon to be arraigned before the mightiest monarch since the days of Charlemagne. But his intrepid spirit quailed not. "What will happen," he wrote, "I know not, and I care not to know. Wherever the blow shall reach me I fear not. The leaf of a tree falls not to the ground without the will of our Father. How much less we ourselves. It is a little matter to die for the Word, since the Word, which was made flesh, first died for us!"

With grave deliberation—for he felt that the act was irretrievable—Luther solemnly appealed from the Pope of Rome to a General Council of the Church. "I appeal," he wrote, "from the said pope as an unjust, rash, and tyrannical judge; as an heretic and apostate, misled, hardened, and condemned by the Holy Scriptures; as an enemy, an Antichrist, an adversary, an oppressor of Holy Scripture; and as a despiser, a calumniator, and blasphemer of the holy Christian Church."

"The son of the Medici," writes D'Aubigné, "and the son of the miner of Mansfeldt have gone down into the lists; and in this desperate struggle, which shakes the world, one does not strike a blow which the other does not return. The monk of Wittemberg will do all that the sovereign pontiff dares do. He gives judgment for judgment. He raises pile for pile. The pope had burned his books. He would burn the pope's bull." On the 10th of December, therefore, 1520, amid a great concourse of doctors and students of Wittemberg, Luther cast upon the blazing pyre the papal bull; saying as he did so, "As thou hast vexed the Holy One of Israel, so may everlasting fire vex and consume thee." The breach with Rome was complete. He had declared war unto death. He had broken down the bridge behind him. Retreat was henceforth impossible. "Hitherto I have been only playing with the pope," he said. "I began this work in God's name; it will be ended without me and by His might. . . . The papacy is no longer what it was yesterday. Let it excommunicate me. Let it slay me. It shall not check that which is advancing. I burned the bull at first with trembling, but now I rejoice more at it than at any other action of my life."

The pope waged a crusade against Luther and his doctrines. His books were ordered everywhere to be burned. The young emperor, Charles V., gave his consent to their destruction in his

hereditary states. "Do you imagine," said the friends of the Reformer, "that Luther's doctrines are found only in those books which you are throwing into the fire? They are written, where you cannot reach them, in the hearts of the people. If you will employ force, it must be that of countless swords unsheathed to massacre a whole nation." The German fatherland, with its ancient instincts of truth and liberty, responded almost as one man to the invocation of the miner's son. New students flocked to Wittemberg every day, and six hundred youths, the flower of the nation, sat at the Reformer's feet. The churches were not large enough for the crowds who hung upon his words.

The papal party appealed to Charles V. to crush the heresy which was springing up in his dominion. But the young emperor was shrewd enough to perceive that even he dare not so outrage public sentiment as to condemn Luther unheard. He was therefore summoned to appear before a Diet of the Empire at Worms, and answer for his contumacy. He was ill at the time, but rejoiced in the opportunity to bear witness to the truth. "If I cannot go to Worms in health," he said, "I will be carried there, sick as I am. I cannot doubt that it is the call of God. He still lives who preserved the three Hebrews in the fiery furnace. If He will not save me, my life is of little consequence."

The young emperor granted a safe-conduct to "the honourable our well-beloved and pious Doctor Martin Luther," which was signed in the name of "Charles the Fifth, by the grace of God, Emperor, always august, King of Spain, of the Two Sicilies, of Jerusalem, of Hungary, Archduke of Austria, Duke of Burgundy, Count of Hapsburg," etc., etc. Luther, in feeble health, made his journey to Worms in a farmer's waggon. At Erfurt, the University came out in a procession to greet him as the champion of the faith. His progress was like that of a victorious general. The people thronged to see the man who was going to lay his head at the feet of the Emperor. "There are too many bishops and cardinals at Worms," said some. "They will burn you as they did John Huss." "Huss has been burned," replied the intrepid monk, "but not the truth with him. Though they should kindle a fire all the way from Worms to Wittemberg, the flames of which should reach to heaven, I would walk through it in the name of the Lord—I would appear before them—I would enter the jaws

of this Behemoth, and break his teeth, confessing the Lord Jesus Christ."

Even his enemies could not but admire his high courage and holy zeal. One day, as he entered an inn, a military officer demanded, "Are you the man that has undertaken to reform the papacy? How can you hope to succeed?" "I trust in God Almighty," replied Luther, "whose word and commandment I have before me." The officer was touched by his piety, and responded, "My friend, I am a servant of Charles, but your Master is greater than mine. He will aid and preserve you."

The papal party, true to their doctrine that no faith is to be kept with heretics, endeavoured to invalidate his safe-conduct, and argued that it was monstrous that a man excommunicated by the pope should plead before the emperor. Even Luther's friends feared lest the fate of Huss should be his. As he approached the city one of them sent him word, "Do not enter Worms." With a dauntless confidence in God, the heroic monk replied in the memorable words, "Though there were as many devils in Worms as tiles on the housetops, yet will I enter n." *

A LITTLE WHILE.

A LITTLE while to face the storm,
And breast the angry billow,
And Christ shall whisper, "Peace, be still;"
And, ransomed by our Lord's sweet will,
His breast shall be our pillow,
And fear the heart no more shall fill.

A little while! take heed, my soul,
The words of love and warning,
That ere thou reach the appointed goal
Thou go to Christ and be made whole,
And enter heaven's bright morning,
Where never threatening billows roll.

* Wenn so viel Teufel zu Worms waren, als Ziegel auf den Dachern noch wollt Ich hinein.—Lutheri, Opera, quoted by D'Aubigne.—"The Diet of Worms, Luther's appearance there on the 17th of April, 1521," says Carlyle, "may be considered as the greatest scene in modern European history." This august event, with its far-reaching consequences, must form the subject of another paper.

"OUR MOTHER."*

A SKETCH OF MRS. EMMA CORSON.

BY HER SON, JOHN W. CORSON, M.D.

It is said that the last word most frequently whispered by dying soldiers in hospital, or on the battle field, is "Mother." And there is a reason. More than any earthly being, she stamps upon them the noblest qualities to prepare them for being honoured in both worlds. If they are either brave, or gentle, or good, they probably owe it to her whose memory is so dear. And the children of a Christian mother like ours, after mourning her loss for long years, may easily invest her likeness with beauties which strangers could never see. Yet we will try to be both loving and truthful.

In the backwoods of Canada, in those days, an efficient "minister's wife" was a real treasure. Her trials and labours were very great. In a quiet way, she tried to keep one end of an immense circuit alive, while her husband travelled over the rest. There is a story told of a New York merchant, who lived so far from the city that he concluded to move to a point nearer, that, as he said, he might "get acquainted with his wife and children." Our father had a like experience. On his earliest circuit, as we sadly remember, he managed, by travelling half the last night, to see his family at first for two, and finally for four, days in four weeks.

A woman who could worthily occupy a Methodist parsonage, was in special demand. She needed to be a sympathizing companion, a tidy housekeeper, a gentle peacemaker, a prudent counsellor, and a general female evangelist. Her mission had a wide range. Not only did she mend the clothes of her children, but she meekly tried to repair the losses in the congregation. She must have what Mrs. Stowe calls "faculty." If, as in the case of our mother, she happened to sing and pray with wonderful acceptance, she became, so to speak, a perpetual revivalist. Many precious souls were converted in the fervent prayer and class-meetings of that day. Indeed, the early settlers were famishing

* Condensed from Dr. Carroll's "Life of Father Corson."

for the Bread of Life. They travelled, perhaps for miles, through the woods to worship God. And they were not hard to please. Sometimes a woman's prayer kindled the spark that spread into an extensive conflagration. Great numbers were in this way added to the Church.

The excellent women who thus aided their toiling husbands in this field, might well be classed with those whom St. Paul affectionately remembers as "fellow-labourers." With the sick and their own sex, their influence was very great. And in the exemplary performance of all these duties, her grateful child, perhaps, may be pardoned, for believing that he has never seen the superior of his sainted mother.

Methodist usage, even in those days, gave large scope to the energies of woman. It was a revival religion. In the attempt to convert the world she could not be spared. Others might not so need her aid. But the Methodists could not fail to remember that Susannah Wesley and Barbara Heck stood high among the founders of their denomination.

It is not proposed here to discuss that delicate question about which Christians naturally differ, the proper sphere of woman in the work of the Church. We are only writing history. Yet we cannot but feel that the religious world "moves." It was true that Mrs. Judson was then known to have braved death to feed her husband in prison in Burmah, but Miss Rankin had not yet been besieged by insurgent soldiers as the heroic pioneer missionary to Mexico. At that time the most timid Methodist was not offended if a gifted sister "led the class," addressed a revival meeting, or thrilled a multitude at a camp-meeting love-feast.

Success in oratory often depends on what is familiarly termed "personal magnetism." In this, as a rule, women are richly endowed. We need not wonder that the famous speech of the Empress Maria Theresa, with her child in her arms, took by storm the nobles of Hungary.

Although our mother had a rare command of choice words, and her cadences were very musical, it was mainly the air of "goodness" that melted the throngs around her. We may record the popular verdict that she quite equalled our father in eloquence.

It is but just to mention that she bore her honours with singular meekness. Her custom was not to speak in any large assembly except by invitation. With true delicacy, she gave no

sign that she knew her power. We may illustrate her modest bearing by the case of an early friend. He was a class-leader, a plain farmer, whose prayers were so child-like and faulty in grammar, as often to excite the smiles of the neighbours who listened. One day we found him greatly excited over a letter. It had crossed the Atlantic and come four thousand miles from an English soldier on the Rock of Gibraltar. In the joy of his conversion, he had written to his former employer, to thank him for the daily family prayer, in that distant Canadian home. It had awakened his first religious impressions, that had never ceased till he had found the Saviour. With tears rolling down his cheeks, our friend exclaimed, "Why, I never dreamed that I prayed anything extra!" Nor had he. It was the blessed Comforter that Christ so lovingly promised His disciples that had given his lips the charm to melt a human heart.

The Stationing Committee at the Conference not only enquired of the Presiding Elder about the gifts of the preacher they were to send, but they sought to know the graces of his "better half." Did she gossip more than she prayed? "Was she a hindrance or a help?" The female members of the expectant flock went even a step farther. They whispered, perhaps, "Does she wear bright ribbons in her bonnet?" "Has she ruffles or furbelows to her dress?" Let not the reader smile. They were nobly sincere. The self-denying Methodists of those times had inherited the simple tastes of their religious ancestors, the Moravians. They bore the "Cross" even in their plain attire. Railroads, intercourse with cities, and general worldly prosperity, have since vastly changed the habits of even earnest Christians.

We sometimes meet with persons who fail to impress us at first, but who, on further acquaintance, gradually unfold qualities which make them very attractive. Our mother thus grew upon you. She lived before the age of the photograph. There remains of her no good likeness. It falls to the lot of one of her children to give an outline of her appearance, from faint "word-painting." As a slender girl, she had been called a beauty. When she developed into womanhood she was moderately tall, elegant in figure, and graceful in all her movements. Her face had a sincere child-like expression. Though not so exquisitely moulded as some, it was wonderfully pure. In fact it was a perfect mirror of her thoughts. Many of our readers will

remember a masterpiece, by Guido, in the Barberini Palace at Rome, representing the beautiful Beatrice Cenci, gently turning her head to look back, on the morning of her execution. It reminded her child, at least, of our mother's parting glance, as she left for a moment his sick room. Yet she ever showed more smiles than tears. She seemed born to cheer others. Just as the sunlight flashes all the more brightly on a green forest below, when it is seen from a mountain-top in spring-time, if it is now and then shaded by fleecy clouds; so the flitting shadows seemed only by contrast to heighten the prevailing gladness of her Christian life.

With the natural associations among the early immigrants on these outposts of civilization, it seemed always a mystery how she could be so refined and lady-like, with an ease that gave no offence. For she was generally beloved. Doubtless most men and women who rise to distinction, adopt in childhood some ideal model of excellence. It is thus that the good live in generations to come. Even white children stolen by the Indians on western plains, are said to retain for years traces of their gentle training. Could it be that our mother carried to the wilds of Canada a passion to imitate the graces of her early friend, Emma Carleton?

This feminine gentleness was strangely mingled with the loftiest courage. With his exemplary devotion to his work, and his untiring industry, our father had fits of extreme prudence. There was one thing he mortally dreaded, and that was *debt*. His honourable caution in finances was the secret of much of his success in life. If the expenses of reaching a new distant circuit were likely to exceed his slender means, he would despond for days. But he was blessed with a wife equal to any emergency. They were happily mated. Each had some rare quality in excess. If he was wisely cautious, she was ever hopeful. She never quailed a moment at any danger. There could scarcely be a nobler gift from the Father of mercies to the wife of a frontier missionary than this lofty heroism. If our space allowed, we could give many incidents to illustrate her bravery. Once in her girlhood, in the war of 1812, a drunken Indian raised the musket to fire at her. As coolly as if she were his chief, she said, "Put down that gun!" and then quickly quieted him with food. An insurgent captain in the Mackenzie

Rebellion, who wished to force her tender boy early one morning, against his will, into the ranks, was compelled gradually to give way to her womanly strategy. "Leave him, Captain," said she, "or I must march with your company to take care of him. Really, you don't take women, do you?" "Oh, no," said he, laughing. But what could one loyal woman do with a company of armed men? She looked at the hungry crowd and said, in her graceful way, "Gentlemen, I fear you have not had your breakfast. Help yourselves to all you can find in the house." They cleaned out the cellar, and generously left her boy behind.

She was, in fact, the resolute enterprising member of the "Firm" that quietly ruled the parsonage. At the tender age of fifteen, her eldest son utterly broke down in tears at his father's refusal to sanction what he sincerely deemed an extravagant plan to study medicine. He was very properly reminded there were six sons to be educated. His mother softly followed her sobbing boy to his room, laid her hand tenderly on his head, and said, lovingly, "Never mind, my child, you can do *anything* that you think you can. Then remember that I will always be your friend." These electric words turned the scale; they made him a future physician. He looks in the glass as he writes this. Grey locks cluster around his face, and tears of gratitude roll down his cheeks. More than forty years have passed since he heard that sentence. Yet even now he seems to hear the silvery ring of that magic word, "*Anything!*"

She nobly kept her promise. Possibly it may cheer some desponding woman who knows not her power, to finish the story. Partly to gratify her extreme fondness for poetry, he had just been reading with his mother an English translation of Homer's Iliad. He was slightly heroic. When his tears were dried, he went back to his father with a little speech. It amounted to about this: "Father, I will not ask you for a dollar. You need all your salary to educate my younger brothers; let me help you all. You know that the Greeks took Troy in just ten years. I will work like a slave night and day (to be a doctor) for ten years to come." His father shook his head in doubt, but at last said: "Well, you may try!" That last word stung him, "Try." "Indeed I will," murmured the choking boy. Perhaps he was too sensitive.

He then recollected that his father was an enthusiast over

"hard work." While the latter was absent on a distant mission, the former, under safe maternal advice, contrived a pleasant surprise. He took a contract requiring severe manual labour for weeks. His hands were delicate and soft. He had never been accustomed to rough "out-door" work. His task was really quite beyond his strength, for he was pale, thin, and "small for his age," at fifteen. Yet he managed to toil steadily, week after week, from dawn till dark. He felt that loving eyes were watching every step. As he groped his way homeward at night, all weary and worn, with his hands bleeding and blistered, he would often meet his mother far out in the fields, coming to take his arm. And as he lay half dreaming near the blazing fire, he would hear her whispering softly, "Children, be still. Let him sleep. That is the boy that *works!*"

There came a staunch friend to her rescue. He was a neighbour,—"Father Gardiner," of Toronto township, living like a patriarch among a tribe of honoured sons and daughters. When our father returned, this friend said to him, tenderly, "You must never discourage that boy again!" From that time all were agreed. The son went on toiling, but with the blessing of his father.

Just here we may mention another precious friendship during that dark period: it was that of J. R. Armstrong, Esq., of Toronto, a model "Christian merchant" of that day.

The phrase, "ten years," seemed afterwards like prophecy. In just ten years from that month, a grown-up young man of twenty-five grasped a roll of parchment, which said he was a physician, and it was all the more precious to him from the secret thought that it was earned by his own hands and brain. No, he was mistaken: it came mainly through the inspiration of one "ministering spirit." In the wards of the hospital, in the weariness of the dissecting room, or as he sat listening in the crowd to the lectures in the college theatre, he was cheered by her gentle influence. During all that chapter of early struggles, her wise foresight, her excellent judgment, her lofty resolution, and her strong sympathy never failed him. He was thankful that she lived to see the battle won.

If we were asked to name the quality in which our mother excelled above all others, our prompt reply would be, "In the pious education of her infant children." That, as our commer-

cial friends would say, was her "specialty." Her gentleness and tact in developing the cluster of little ones, that like flowers blossomed at her feet, were really wonderful.

Not from any foolish personal vanity, but simply as a convenient way of illustrating her virtues by actual facts, we continue our narrative. And what she did to one, she tried to do to all her children. But an early misfortune happened to give to the writer rare opportunities to study her domestic character. He was a frail, sickly child, born just after the loss of an infant elder brother. Family tradition says he cried more than all his six younger brothers put together. He wailed all day as steadily as the Scottish piper at Waterloo. She who was bereaved redoubled her attention to quiet the little "crying machine" that kept the house in uproar. It was all in vain—as if to fix more deeply her affections, he remained a delicate lad for years. When he could fairly speak, she laid her hand gently on his head, and taught him the prayer, "Now I lay me down to sleep," and soon after came, "Our Father, who art in heaven."

The child soon learned that she most enjoyed his reading at her feet, as she was sewing all day, of "pretty stories from the Bible," and he loved to please her. He would turn over the leaves, perhaps, till he came to the history of Joseph, or the night assault of Gideon, the triumph of Deborah, the duel between David and Goliath, the deliverance of Daniel, or the shipwreck of St. Paul at Malta.

We have told the story of her shaping the worldly fortunes of her eldest son; her sway over his spiritual destiny was even greater. At the age of nineteen, he found himself far from home, amid entire strangers, pursuing his preparatory classical studies at Cazenovia Seminary, in Central New York. He had previously read some skeptical books that had filled his mind secretly with terrible doubts. He was indeed sorely tempted; but there always came a reply to these evil whisperings as if from the voice of the Comforter: "Remember the sweet religious life of your mother!" It was a lesson of surpassing beauty. In all the years of close observation, from his earliest childhood, he had never known an act or word of hers inconsistent with the purest Christian faith. It was a sermon that he could not forget.

At last, in the midst of a "students' revival," a committee of

three young acquaintances rooming near him, rapped at his door to enquire tenderly "Why he was not a Christian?" He had never before told the secret of his wrestling with infidel speculations. He now confessed all. When they were gone, he went to his trunk, and found a beautiful pocket Bible, inscribed, "A Mother's Gift." He burst into tears. He fancied that he could hear her silvery voice in prayer for his conversion. Soon after, at a students' prayer-meeting, to his great joy he found peace in his Saviour.

Her influence over the youth in leading them to Christ was always very great. When in the lovely month of June, of "forty-three," she was gently sinking in death, at Newburg, on the banks of the Napanee river, it is said that no less than six young ladies, who had been led by her to the fold, were seen kneeling in prayer at her dying bed.

Her voice was what musicians call a "contralto." Unconsciously to her, as it seemed, its lower notes rolled out and quivered with rare sweetness in her prayers. Her choicest petitions were uttered in the absence of her husband, in her unfailing night and morning devotions, for many years in the midst of her group of children, and these last were never forgotten. Her pleadings were singularly rich in figures from the Psalms. One of her frequent requests was, "Lead me to the Rock that is higher than I." And the beautiful ninety-first Psalm, in particular, seemed like a mirror in her "life of trust."

GOOD DEEDS.

Good deeds immortal are—they cannot die
Unscathed by envious blight or withering frost;
They live, and bud, and bloom; and men partake
Still of their freshness, and are strong thereby.
He who, inspired by charity and love,
Such deeds hath wrought—and for the Saviour's sake—
Hath endless glory in the realms above.

—*Aytoun.*

CURRENT TOPICS AND EVENTS.

CANADIAN METHODIST MAGAZINE—ANNOUNCEMENT OF OUR TWELFTH VOLUME.

The forthcoming volume of this MAGAZINE will possess several features of special interest and importance. Our CANADIAN PORTRAIT GALLERY, with brief biographical sketches, will be extended so as to embrace representative ministers and laymen from the different Conferences of our Church. A portrait and sketch will appear *in each number*.

A series of articles by the Rev. George Cochran, on JAPAN AND ITS PEOPLE, with an account of our Mission work in that country, with handsome illustrations, will run through the volume.

A new story of absorbing interest, illustrating the trials and persecutions and triumphs of the early Methodists in England, will be begun in the July number. It is entitled "NATHANIEL PIDGEON, HIS DIARY," and recounts in the quaint style of the period the life-story of one of Wesley's helpers. A more vivid picture of 18th century life, with its press-gang, its forced enlistments, its petty persecutions, its fashionable frivolity, its civil tumults, we do not remember to have read.

"THE FOOTPRINTS OF WESLEY," splendidly illustrated, will be concluded.

MISSION WORK ON THE PACIFIC COAST, fully illustrated, will give an account of the wonderful success of our own missions in British Columbia, and of the introduction by Canadian Indian converts of the Gospel to the pagan tribes of Alaska.

The "CANADIAN IN EUROPE" will be concluded, with copious illustrations of historic scenes in Great Britain. Arrangements are pending for the procuring of some of the best engravings from Mrs. Brassey's sumptuous volume, "SUNSHINE AND STORM IN THE EAST," to illustrate articles on Cyprus and the Levant.

Dr. Ryerson's EPOCHS OF METHODISM will record the struggle for civil and religious liberty in this country, in which he bore so prominent a part.

"GREAT REFORMERS" will be continued, with sketches of Luther, Zwingle, Calvin, Tyndale, Cranmer, Latimer, and Ridley.

The story of "BARBARA HECK," which now introduces a wider range and greater variety of characters, will be concluded.

Our Magazine never received warmer commendation than at present. Will not each of our friends, especially our ministerial friends, try to procure *one* additional subscriber? The MAGAZINE will be sent for one year from July for $2; for six months, for $1. Persons dating their subscriptions back to January, 1880, will receive back vols. I. and II.—of which we have still a few left—free.

THE GENERAL CONFERENCE OF THE M. E. CHURCH.

Probably no more important ecclesiastical gathering takes place in Christendom than the General Conference of the M. E. Church of the United States. The Address of the Bishops indicates a quadrennium of prosperity and progress. There is an increase of 713 preachers and 119,745 members, after making up a loss by death of 512 preachers and 78,520 members. There is an increase of 1,322 churches, or more than one for every working day; and of 672 parsonages, or one for every two days. The sales of the Book-Rooms were over $6,000,000. Although four-fifths of the population of New York are of foreign origin, chiefly Germans and Romanists, and a large proportion of all the great cities of the same class, and although the other churches had a foothold in the cities long before Methodism, yet Methodism now stands almost everywhere either first or second in the church ac-

commodation it affords; by no means an evidence of its alleged failure in these great centres. The greetings from other churches were more than cordial. The bitter feeling of the M. E. Church, South, seems to have almost altogether passed away. The noble address of William Arthur evoked the greatest enthusiasm. The report of the delegate to our own General Conference was very friendly, and the reception of our delegate, Dr. Ryckman, was most cordial. Dr. Rice and Dr. Dewart represented our Church on the "Œcumenical Committee," and procured for us due recognition in that great assembly. Many questions of great interest are coming up. All manner of memorials and resolutions are referred to appropriate Committees. Among these are: the extension of the limit of ministerial service to four or six years; the throwing open to women the office of steward, deacon, S. S. superintendent and minister; the establishment of total abstinence societies in all the churches and Sunday-schools; the appointment of a coloured bishop; a rule that no one shall be made a bishop who smokes; the extension and consolidation of publishing interests; and a rule against the appointment or retention of a class-leader who does not take a Church paper. The last called forth great laughter and applause. While commending the International Lesson System, the bishops deprecated their slight denominational teaching. Against this we try to guard in our Canadian Lessons by introducing our own Church Catechism. The Conference will, we doubt not, accomplish much useful legislation, and give a great impetus to the work of God in the land.

The Œcumenical Methodist Conference.

Our readers will regard with much interest the Œcumenical Methodist Conference to be held in August, 1881, in the old City Road Chapel, London, England. For some time negotiations have been going on to bring about this result, and, through he action of a large Committee representing many branches of Methodism, arrangements were completed at Cincinnati last month. The Conference is to be composed of 400 delegates. Our own Church, which is represented by Dr. Dewart on the committee of arrangements, is entitled to 12 delegates, the M. E. Church of the United States to 80, and the M. E. Church, South, to 40. The object of the meeting is, in the words of the resolution of the Conference, "not for legislative purposes, nor for doctrinal controversies, nor for disputes as to Church policies, but for the promotion of fraternity, for the increase of the moral and evangelical power of our common Methodism, and for devising means and perfecting arrangements for the more speedy conversion of the world."

There are in the world, it appears, 24 different bodies of Methodists, with over 4,000,000 members, 30,000 ministers, 60,000 local preachers, and probably from 15 to 20 millions of attendants on their services. It is proposed to combine all these Churches together "into a league, offensive and defensive, for the righteousness of the Gospel against indifference, infidelity and idolatry—to stand together and strive together, forgetful of race, colour, and every other difference, without friction or waste of resources in the home fields and in mission fields, and in every kind of Christian work and warfare, for the speedy gathering of the world's millions into the fold of the Great Shepherd. Such a Conference would confound infidelity, silence gainsayers, encourage unity in other Churches, strengthen the hands and hearts of missionaries, and inspire grander ideas of the Church's mission in the earth. It would produce a salutary visible unity, would secure a wiser and less wasteful expenditure of the resources and energies of the Church, would demonstrate the adaptation of Methodism to every demand of Christ's cause in every part of the earth, would combine the strength and influence of all Wesleyan organizations against the giant sins and wrongs of the age,

and would impart new impulses of spiritual life to Christendom and to the world."

There is a fine propriety in this great gathering assembling in the old Chapel in City Road. Antiquated and out of date it may be; yet from the splendid churches of the great American cities, from Canada, Australia, and from far-off mission stations throughout the world, the fair and flourishing daughters of Methodism will come forth with joyous pride to show their loving regard to the dear mother of us all; and to hold their councils beside the ashes of Wesley, and Watson, and Clark, and Benson, and Bunting, and the fathers and founders of that Methodism from which they all have sprung.

DEATH OF THE HON. GEO. BROWN.

Few events in the history of Canada have made so profound and widefelt an impression as the death of the Hon. George Brown. The death of an honoured citizen and a prominent actor in the public events of the country would at any time make a deep impression; but that impression has been greatly deepened by the tragical manner of his taking off. It seems a strange providence that the hand of a wretched assassin was permitted to smite down a man of such energetic character, of such wide influence, and with the promise of such large usefulness in the future. But we bow to the inscrutable wisdom of the All-wise and the All-kind.

One striking result of this public bereavement is that the bitterness of political strife is forgotten in the solemn presence of death. Mr. Brown had been a "man of war from his youth," fighting valiantly, by tongue and pen, for what he believed the best interests of his country. But even his life-long opponents joined in a generous tribute of respect to his memory and of sympathy for his loss. Seldom has the heart of the country been so moved, and never, we think, has such a remarkable funeral cortege been seen in Toronto as that which followed the deceased gentleman to his long home—made up as it was of persons of the most diverse political opinions from nearly all parts of the country. And why was this? Mr. Brown was seldom in office, and for the most of his public life he sat in the cold shades of opposition. It was first a tribute to his moral worth. It is character that tells; and even his opponents believed him to be—God's noblest work—an honest man. Then, by multitudes throughout this land he was regarded as the great tribune of the people, the champion of their political liberties, their standard-bearer in many a long and hard-fought battle for rights and privileges which the whole commonwealth to-day enjoys. His life-history is also a remarkable example of the power of the press. By means of his busy and vigorous pen he moulded the opinions of thousands who never heard his voice nor saw his face. And to that more than to anything else is his great influence to be ascribed. But what is of infinitely greater moment, as one stands within the shadows of the other world, we have the testimony of his pastor, and of those who knew him best, that the deceased statesman was a sincere and humble Christian. Confident we are that all our readers, no matter what may be their political opinions, will feel that in George Brown Canada has lost one of her truest patriots, one of her greatest men.

One of the most notable incidents of the month has been the unloading from the American ship-of-war "Constellation" of the generous contributions of the nation to the Irish Relief Fund, and the distribution of its supplies by H. R. H. the Duke of Edinburgh. Such things knit the two nations together as with bonds of steel. This bombarding the Irish towns and villages with barrels of beef and biscuit goes far to render impossible any less friendly bombardment hereafter. Blood is stronger than water; and such noble international charity makes us feel that our long-estranged American brethren are our brethren still.

Among the papers of the late Prince Imperial of France was found a document constituting the son of Prince Napoleon heir to his title to the throne. The fact seems to us an arrant impertinence, only equalled by its political imbecility. The wandering heir of a banished usurper had slender claim to the throne of France to transmit. Unhappy as was that young man's fate, was it not, for the good of France and the peace of Europe, the best thing that could have happened? Better that one man should suffer, that the whole nation perish not—that anarchy and usurpation and bloodshed devastate not again the fair fields of France—and that in peaceful industry and constitutional liberty she be free to fulfil her high destiny in Europe.

We have before us the estimate that in the last twenty years the cost of six great wars has been $12,000,000,000. Compared with this, the cost of the late Afghan war is "a mere fleabite." But even this, beyond the $30,000,000 voted by Parliament, has reached a total of $65,000,000. And this sum must be paid by the toil of the poorest peasantry in the world, already taxed to the utmost limit. The wretched ryots of India, toiling beneath a burning sun for the merest pittance of rice and a rag to cover their nakedness, and often perishing by thousands of sheer famine, must be taxed beyond endurance for the very salt that seasons their food, in order that English soldiers may burn Afghan villages and construct a "scientific frontier" among the mountains. Add to this the deaths and pestilence and famine caused by the war, and the suffering endured by even the beasts of burden. Think of 70,000 camels falling out of the weary march, and perishing amid pangs of pain and hunger in the desert. May England never again embark in such a war! We trust that the presence of the sturdy Quaker, John Bright, in her councils, will hasten the day when the nations shall learn war no more, and when the angels' song of peace on earth shall be fulfilled.

RELIGIOUS AND MISSIONARY INTELLIGENCE.

BY THE REV. E. BARRASS, M.A.

Wesleyan Methodist.

The anniversary of the Missionary Society was held in London on the last week in April and the first week in May. On Sabbath two hundred and twenty sermons were preached, and twelve special services were held for the young. The China breakfast on Saturday was a grand success.

At no period of the Society's history were its affairs ever so critical as at the present time. Calls of the most urgent character are being made for help from all sections of the mission field, to which no favourable response can be given. The income for the past year on the Home Districts show a deficit of $20,000, and in legacies a further deficit of $35,000.

During the Zulu war several of the members of Natal fell in defence of the Queen's Government against Cetewayo. After the conflict was over, a monument to perpetuate their memory was erected at Edendale. A day was appointed for unveiling the obelisk, and the ceremony was performed by Sir Garnet Wolseley, in presence of a great crowd of spectators. His Excellency spoke in terms of commendation respecting the valour by which the native troops had distinguished themselves, and he was proud of the opportunity of

publicly testifying to their merits, and he would ever regard this as a red-letter day in the history of South Africa. From what he had seen of the happy results that had followed the labours of the Wesleyan Missionaries, he could but pray that they might have stations established in every part of Zululand.

The twenty-fifth annual report of the Chapel Committee has been issued. Since 1854, debts amounting to $6,380,595 have been paid off the Church property. There is an actual debt remaining of $3,815,890, on 6,757 trusts.

The new erections sanctioned in twenty-five years, including chapels, ministers' houses, school-rooms, organs, and alterations or enlargements, number 5,684, involving an expenditure of $24,837,510, four-fifths of which expenditure has been raised. It must also be noted, that since 1860 the Chapel Trusts have contributed $2,211,855 to circuit funds, and during the last year alone $208,155 have been contributed.

The Thanksgiving Fund up to April 1st had reached $1,336,000.

The New Zealand Conference met at Dunedin. The number of ministers is seventy-one, seven of whom are Maories ; and of members, 3,737, of whom 388 are Maories. A lengthy discussion took place on the class-meeting question, the result of which seemed to be that attendance at class should not be compulsory, but that each leader should see his members in private if need be, to see how their souls prosper.

Methodist Episcopal Church.

While these notes are in course of preparation, the General Conference has been in session at Cincinnati for two weeks, and will not close its labours for at least two weeks more. It is forty-four years since the General Conference met in "the Queen City of the West" before. At that time there were three Methodist churches, with about 1,500 members, in the city, and one hundred and fifty delegates were in attendance. Now there are twenty Methodist churches, with about 4,500 members. The attendance of delegates amounts to 450, representing 95 Annual Conferences, established in the United States, Africa, China, India, and various countries in Europe. At the former General Conference, slavery was a vexed question in the churches, but now it has been swept away, and there are some thirty coloured representatives attending this General Conference. One of the lay representatives from India, by the name of Ram Chandar Bose, was received with great cheering, which somewhat disconcerted the gentleman, who said to a friend, "Such a demonstration in my country would mean that I was not wanted, and that I must get out of the place."

The Book Concern at New York is a powerful organization. It now has a net capital of more than $1,080,000. The profits during the past four years are nearly $202,000. The sales of books and periodicals amount to nearly $2,500,000, a large gain on the four years. The *Christian Advocate* has a circulation of 63,260 per week, and reports a net profit of $21,226 99 during the last year alone. Some of the other *Advocates* do not pay running expenses. The Sunday-school periodicals have an immense sale, but the *Quarterly Review* only circulates 4,500, while the *National Repository* has been published at a great loss. The publication of tracts has amounted to forty-five millions of pages, and more than 300,000 copies of the new Hymnal have been sold.

In this Church there are 2,170 female missionary societies, which said societies have 50,000 members, and during the last ten years they have contributed more than $500,000 for missionary purposes.

Last Easter Sunday three of the Methodist Churches in Baltimore succeeded in paying off debts to the amount of $120,000.

Methodist Church of Canada.

The Relief and Extension Fund has now reached the sum of $111,168 ; $68,000 of which has been paid.

The Industrial School at Munsey is to have an increase of pupils to

the number of 50; grants will also be made by the Indian Department to the Industrial Schools in the North-West, when the returns are made showing them to be in good working order.

Hopes are entertained that before long the orphanage for poor Indian children in the North-West may soon be established. It will be remembered how much the late Rev. Geo. McDougall desired to see such an institution.

Rev. S. D. Rice, D.D., has consented to accept an appointment to Winnipeg, Manitoba, and will proceed to his new field of labour immediately after Conference. His lengthened experience in various departments of Church work, and his remarkable energy of character, will render his services of great value in helping to mould the religious future of the fertile Prairie Province and the great North-west, with its boundless possibilities of future development. The Committee desires to send out six more young men to labour as evangelists in that extensive field of missionary labour.

Help is needed on behalf of the Girls' Home at Fort Simpson. Rev. Thomas Crosby and his excellent wife have sustained it mainly by themselves. Could we not have Ladies' Associations in all our Societies whose duty it should be to raise means for carrying on the schools on all our Indian missions? Which congregation of ladies will be the first to move in this laudable matter?

Recent Deaths.

The Rev. Jonathan Scott has lately gone to his long-sought rest. For several years he was much afflicted, so that he was not able to leave his residence. He entered the ministry in 1834, and laboured for some years as an Indian missionary, then for four years he filled the Editorial chair of the *Christian Guardian*, after which he returned to circuit work until 1854, since which time he has been on the superannuated list. He died in the 77th year of his age, and the 46th of his ministry.

The Rev. John Selley, M.D., has also gone home to heaven. He was 73 when he died. He commenced his itinerancy in 1836, and travelled until 1853. He was six years a missionary in the West Indies. He spent several years in the Province of Quebec. During the years of his superannuation he practised as a physician. He was deservedly esteemed for his genial manners, and his kindness to those in need of assistance.

The Rev. Alfred Jacques, who only entered our work a few years ago, has heard the summons, "Come up higher." Thus the old and the young are passing away. May we be found at our post when the messenger comes!

BOOK NOTICES.

The Loyalists of America and their Times. By Egerton Ryerson, D.D., LL.D. 2 vols. 8vo. Toronto: William Briggs. Price $5.

This book is one of national importance. It is the most ample and minute account of the U. E. Loyalists and their Times which has hitherto been published. It describes very fully the early Colonial History of America, and traces the important distinction, often overlooked, between the Pilgrim Fathers and the Puritan Fathers in New England, who maintained separate Governments for seventy years. The religious persecutions of the Quakers and other dissidents from Puritan creed and civil constitution are reviewed, and the stern intolerance of the latter is shown. The fortunes of the Colonies under the Long Parliament, the Commonwealth, and the Restoration, are carefully traced. The prolonged

conflict between France and England for the possession of the Continent, with its battles, sieges, and adventurous campaigns, is given in detail. The growing estrangement between Great Britain and the Colonies, and the stormy events of the Revolutionary War, are recounted. This epoch is very fully discussed from a British Loyalist point of view. The author avows his sympathy with the colonists in their assertion of their rights as British subjects, and avers his belief that but for their revolutionary Declaration of Independence they would within a twelvemonth have obtained all that they desired without the shedding of blood, without the unnatural alliance with France, much less a war of seven years. But the outbreak and conduct of the war are emphatically condemned.

No portion of this history will be read with greater interest than that which describes the sufferings, in maintaining their allegiance to their King, of the U. E. Loyalist founders and fathers of Canada. For the first time, the full and detailed account of these sufferings is now published. The account of the early development and organization of the Government of the Maritime Provinces and of Upper Canada is full and minute. The stirring events of the War of 1812-15 are also given with much copiousness of detail.

To this work the venerable author has devoted several of the best years of his life. Of U. E. Loyalist stock himself, he writes with hearty sympathy with his subject. He has devoted many years to the study of historical and constitutional questions. He has made laborious and extensive research. And he furnishes in these volumes copious documentary evidence of the validity of his assertions and conclusions.

These splendid volumes reflect distinguished credit upon our connexional press and Book Room.

Sunshine and Storm in the East. By Mrs. BRASSEY. Henry Holt & Co. 8vo, pp. 447 ; price, $3 75.

By her previous charming book, "Around the World in the Yacht Sunbeam," of which we gave an illustrated account in this Magazine, Mrs. Brassey delighted a large circle of readers. That book was so successful that she has prepared another describing her recent visit to Constantinople, the Ionian Islands, and England's latest acquisition, the Island of Cyprus. The book is sumptuously illustrated, after sketches by the Hon. A. Y. Bingham and photographs. We are negotiating with the publishers to reproduce a large number of the best illustrations in this Magazine, with descriptive text ; so that those who cannot afford this somewhat expensive work will thus possess its most attractive features.

Commentary on the New Testament, Intended for Popular Use. By D. D. WHEDON, LL.D. Volume V., Titus—Revelation. 12mo, pp. 483. New York: Phillips & Hunt ; and Methodist Book Rooms, Toronto, Montreal and Halifax. Price $1 75.

Finis coronat opus. In the good providence of God, Dr. Whedon has been enabled to crown the labours of a long and busy life by a complete commentary on the New Testament, which has engrossed the leisure of a quarter of a century of his maturest years, and which, long after he has passed away from earth, shall keep his memory green and lay the Church of Christ under lasting obligation to his consecrated toil. Of all the commentaries with which we are acquainted, we know of none which so completely meets the wants of both preacher and people as this. The size and cost of the great work of Lange and other high-priced Commentaries place them beyond the reach of a very large class. But this Commentary largely supplies their place, by giving in concise form the latest results of the highest criticism and scholarship in Biblical exegesis. To this is added the special advantage of the keen insight, the intuitive critical skill, the large learning, and the terse and vigorous exposition of the venerable author.

The books treated in this volume are, after the Gospels, of prime interest and importance. Among the

most valuable portions of the work will be found the introductions to the several books, especially to the Epistle to the Hebrews and the Revelation. With respect to the authorship of the former, Dr. Whedon takes the conservative view that it was undoubtedly written by St. Paul, and in support of this view adduces arguments which it would be difficult to confute. The suggested solutions as to the difference in style from the other Pauline epistles carry great weight and, to our mind, conviction with them. The analytical synopses of the several books greatly assist the reader in their study and comprehension. The fulfilled and unfulfilled prophecies of the Revelation are judiciously treated, and the errors of certain false systems of interpretation—that difficult *crux* in the exposition of this book—are pointed out. On the important subject of the millennium, in the note on Rev. xx. 6, the following pregnant passage occurs :

"As we are here (in the 20th chapter) still in the land of symbol, there is ample reason for applying the symbolic interpretation to this number. We have the number of universality, *ten*, raised to a cube, and producing on the year-day principle 360,000 years. The 1,260 years of Antichristic rule dwindle thereby to an insignificant event in the earthly reign of Christ. Glasgow well says, 'Against the hypothesis of the contracted millennium there is this startling objection : that it assigns to Antichrist a more extended reign than to Christ. But if the reign of Jesus be 360,000 years, and the end of Antichrist or heathenism be speedily approaching, their duration is of no moment, being, at most, about 7,000 out of 360,000, or one-five hundredth part.' We are then only in the morning dawn of human history. Progress is the law, not only in nature and in history, but in the Messianic kingdom. It is not only the few that are finally saved. Entirely correct is the inference drawn from the doctrine of the millennium by Dr. Bellamy, that the number of the lost in comparison to the saved may finally be as the number of malefactors now hung to the rest of society." See also "Whedon on the Will," p. 359.

Alaska, and Missions on the North Pacific Coast. By SHELDON JACKSON, D.D. Fully illustrated; pp. 327. New York : Dodd, Mead, & Co.; and Methodist Book Rooms. Price $1 25.

Canadian Methodists must always feel a deep interest in the missions of the North Pacific coast, for our own Church has been the pioneer in that important field of mission work. And the story of that work is one of as marvellous providential guidance and as grand triumph as any recorded in missionary annals. In this volume, Dr. Jackson, the superintendent of Presbyterian missions in the Pacific coast, tells how a few converted Canadian Indians carried the gospel from Victoria, 600 miles north, to Fort Simpson, and a few others, converted through the labours of our heroic Crosby and his devoted wife, conveyed the emancipating message to their still pagan tribesmen in Alaska, and planted there the germs of a Christian Church ; and how a noble Christian woman was for many months the only Protestant missionary in Alaska—a country nearly as large as the whole of France. The whole story is one of surpassing interest. Much information is also given in Dr. Jackson's admirable volume on the products and native tribes of Alaska, their manners and customs, etc ; and the book is illustrated by over a hundred engravings, including a view of the Methodist Mission at Fort Simpson. In the interest of our readers, we will give a separate and full article on these North Pacific Missions, through the courtesy of the publishers of this book, illustrated by a selection from its admirable engravings.

The Shield of Faith; or, Articles of Religion, General Rules, etc., with Scripture Proofs. By BOSTWICK HAWLEY, D.D. Phillips & Hunt. Price 25c.

An admirable summary, with proof texts of the doctrines and rules of the American M. E. Church. We would like to see a similar manual for our own Church.

Rev. Alexander Sutherland, D.D.